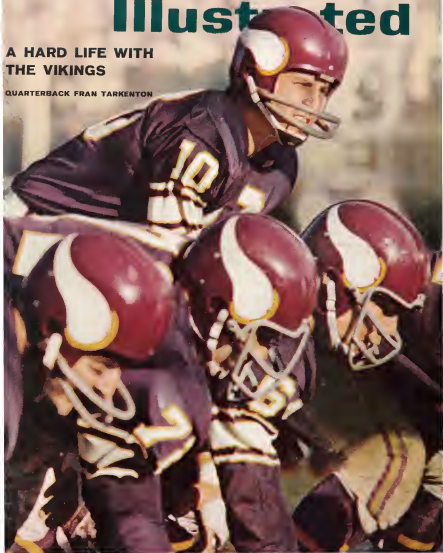


Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 29, 1962 25 CENTS

A HARD LIFE WITH THE VIKINGS

QUARTERBACK FRAN YARKENTON



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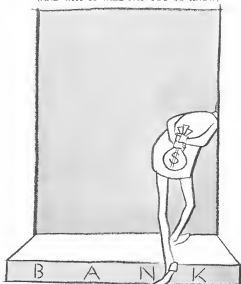
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How to tell the difference between a Full Service Bank and all those other "banks"

(AND WHY IT WILL PAY YOU TO KNOW)



Q&A

Viewed from the sidewalk, most financial institutions look pretty much alike. But once you look behind the doric columns and "Time and Temperature" signs, you'll find a difference. *Doing something* about this difference can save you cash money. It might even speed your financial growth. It will certainly enhance your credit reputation.

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A Full Service bank is a sort of "financial department store," capable of performing a wide variety of functions. It is not limited to savings and a few types of loans. It can accept both checking accounts and savings deposits, and can make home loans, personal loans, auto loans, travel loans, business loans, as well as loans for practically any other legitimate purpose you can name.

Why concentrate on a Full Service commercial bank?

The kind of people who have made the most of their money take all of their money matters to one place. They rely heavily on the personal counsel that one Full Service bank can give them. In addition to any checking accounts in the family, they put all their long-range funds into a *savings* account. (This savings account may earn a little less than in some other places but it's worth a lot more, as you will see.) They make a point of getting to know at least one of the bank's officers and they have their Personal Financial Statement on file with him.

When they need money to buy a car or take a vacation, they borrow it from the bank, leaving their savings account intact and growing. Having this savings account assures them favorable treatment in getting a loan. *Paying it back* as promised enhances their credit reputation. (The low rate that Full Service banks offer on loans usually far overshadows the sometimes slightly

lower rate of interest paid on savings.) What's more important, they are building their reputation for the time when they might need a sizeable loan—for buying a home, sending the kids to college, taking advantage of a new business opportunity.

Get to know your banker before you need him!

If your money affairs are scattered all over town, take advantage of the one-stop benefits of a Full Service commercial bank. Let your checking and savings accounts be an introduction to the partnership benefits of a Full Service commercial bank. There is a difference between a Full Service bank and all those other "banks." It will profit you to put that difference to work for you. The sooner the better.



Your Full Service
Commercial Bank

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Next week

HIPPOPHILE Artist John Croth, brilliant portrayer of horses, sketches a portfolio of colorful scenes from the National in Madison Square Garden, grandest of indoor shows.

DIVING FOR GOLD is the spectacular hobby of a group of young Californians. In scuba gear, they are bringing up nuggets that the Forty-Niners did not get. By Colin Pinney.

THE HOCKEY SEASON is under way, and some National League fans may feel that they have seen it all before, but Clifford Kopp finds a bright, new face to enliven the scene.





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POINT OF FACT

A Garden State Stakes quiz to tease the memory and add to the knowledge of the \$2 bettor and the armchair expert

? Four of the last six winners of The Garden State were named 2-year-old champions. Who were they?

• Barbizon (1956) was the first winner of the stake to capture the 2-year-old title. The others were: First Landing (1958), Warfare (1959) and Crimson Satan (1961). The 1960 running of The Garden State went to Carry Back, but the 2-year-old title was won that year by Hail to Reason, a son of the 1933 Garden State winner Turn-to. Hail to Reason didn't run in The Garden State because of an injury prior to the race.

? Many winners of The Garden State have had bad luck after their victories in the race. Name some of these colts.

• The winner of the first running, Turn-to, broke down a few months later and was retired. The next victor, Summer Tan, had only three races as a 2-year-old before being sidelined as the spring with a serious stomach ailment. The third Garden State winner was Prince John who never ran again after his victory. He broke a bone in his foot six weeks after the race. The 1956 winner, Barbizon, lost his form and only won two races and some \$15,000 in subsequent seasons. The 1957 and 1958 winners escaped the jinx but it hit again in 1959 when the California colt, Warfare, chipped a bone in his ankle not long after his victory in the rich New Jersey race. The 1960 winner, Carry Back, became the 3-year-old champion the next year and is still winning stakes, but Crimson Satan, the 1961 victor, has been plagued this season by stomach and sinus trouble and a series of disqualifications.

continued

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POINT OF FACT *continued*

7 The owner of the winner of The Garden State receives more money for that year's show fox than any other race in the world. What owner received the largest winning prize?

• Peter Salmon of Detroit, a manufacturer of landing gears for Boeing 707 jets, received \$180,819 for Camsion Satan's win.

7 Has an imported horse ever won The Garden State?

• Turn-to is the only foreign winner. The bay son of Royal Charger was foaled in Ireland in 1951 and brought to this country the following year. One of Turn-to's sons, First Landing, took the same race in 1958, five years after his sire.

7 What horse won a) the fastest running of the stake? b) the slowest?

• a) The longest-priced winner of The Garden State ran the fastest race. He was Prince John, a 24-to-1 shot, owned by Elmendorf. The chestnut colt covered the mile and a sixteenth in 1:42 3/5, over a fast track. b) Five of the other eight runnings of the race have been contested over tracks soaked by heavy rains. The slowest Garden States were won by First Landing and Carry Back in 1:46 2/5 over muddy tracks.

7 Has any jockey ridden more than one winner of the race?

• Only one. William Hartack, in his first two attempts, had winning mounts. He rode Calumet Farm's Barbizon in 1956 and Claiborne Farm's Nadir the following year. Two brothers, Angel and Ismael Valenzuela, have won the stake, however. Angel won with Prince John in 1955, and Ismael with Warfare in 1959.

7 Most Garden State entries are nominated to the race as yearlings, but an owner can make a supplementary entry five days before the running of the race by paying \$10,000. a) Have any supplementary entries been made? b) Have any of these horses won The Garden State?

• a) Twenty have been made since 1955, the first year supplementary entries were allowed. b) Three of the colts whose owners risked the \$10,000 have been successful. Barbizon won \$168,431 for his owner in 1956; in 1959 Bellhurst Stable's Warfare won \$157,845 in the race, and the following year Carry Back took home \$160,782 for his owner, Katherine Price.

—PAT RYAN

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Who needs hands?

the stuff and nonsense that always used to get in your way.

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The side door is almost 4 feet wide.

Take out the middle seat, put in an open playpen and you have a nursery.

Put in a bridge table and chairs and you have a traveling card game.

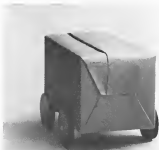
Or leave it alone, slide back the sunroof and you have the kicks of a convertible.

No matter what, you have all the good things that make a Volkswagen a Volkswagen.

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after event. 1st at Riverside, Danville, Bridgehampton; 1st in price class at Sebring; 1st at Le Mans for efficiency.

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SUNBEAM ALPINE A DESIGN OF DISTINCTION BY ROOTES

SCORECARD

REAPPRAISAL IN O.C.

A trim, gray-haired lady of persuasive men went down to Washington from Baltimore the other day, told a couple of bureaucrats to lie down on a large board-room table and proceeded to demonstrate some criticisms she has of exercises recommended by President Kennedy's Council on Youth Fitness. As a result, three of the exercises may be modified. The lady was Mrs. Florence P. Kendall, a noted physiotherapist, and the exercises are:

- Situps in which the feet are held by a second person.
- Touching the toes while standing.
- Lifting the legs while lying on the back.

Situps, she said, are ineffective when the feet are held because one can arch his back against the weight on his feet, thus doing nothing to strengthen the abdominal muscles. Furthermore, she said, situps of this type can strain the abdominal muscles and, if practiced regularly, "can cause a sway back."

Toe-touching for children between 7 and 17, when legs grow quickly and are out of proportion to the rest of the body, "can be a strain on some children and they should not be forced to do it."

The leg lift exercise, she concluded, can cause "excessive back arch and is a strain on the abdominal muscles."

Dr. Simon A. McNeely, director of federal-state relations for the Council, and Glenn V. Swengros, director of program development, turned no bureaucratic deaf ear to Mrs. Kendall. They are reappraising the exercises and, Dr. McNeely said, "it is possible that they should be modified to make them better and to protect some youngsters who could possibly have detrimental results" if the exercises were followed over a long period.

DEFINITIVE OPINION

While Great Britain and America were shuddering under a violent exchange of improper challenges, curt rejections and mislaid explanations concerning the next match for the America's Cup, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED cabled Australia's Sir Frank

Packer, owner of *Gretel*, for his opinion of the ruffled situation. His reply:

"IT IS A BEAUTIFUL DAY OUT HERE THE SUN IS SHINING THERE ISN'T A CLOUD IN THE SKY THE HORNS ARE ABOUT TO RUN FOR THE CALIFORNIA CUP AND THERE IS A NICE SAILING BRIZEE ON THE HARBOUR STOP IT IS SPRINGTIME THE TREES ARE IN LEAF AND THE FRUIT IS STARTING TO RIPEN STOP I AM DELIGHTED TO HAVE HEARD FROM YOU AND HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY OF REPLYING I HOPE THIS ANSWERS ALL YOUR QUESTIONS WITH KINDEST REGARDS FRANK PACKER"

THE SPORTING BOX OFFICE

In the face of perhaps the greatest demand for tickets ever experienced in Austin, Texas, the University of Texas set aside 6,000 seats, at 50¢ each, so that its "Knothole Gang" (kids in the fifth through the 12th grades) could attend the Texas-Arkansas game. The game was a sellout and eager fans were offering \$100 apiece for seats on the 30-yard line.

It would have been a simple matter for the university's athletic department to cancel the Knothole arrangement and print 6,000 general admission tickets to be sold at 54¢ each, a gain of \$21,000 in revenue, but, said Al Lundstedt, football ticket manager, "We couldn't do them that way."

"These youngsters are going to be our fans in the future," Lundstedt explained. "We're your fans right now, Texas."

COMERACK

Back in 1954, when he was 22, sandy-haired Frankie Ryff, a lightweight, was rated by Nat Fleischer as one of the two best prospects in boxing. The other was Floyd Patterson. A converted southpaw, Ryff was a stand-up boxer with a fast, effective jab. After his defeat of Orlando Zulueta some compared him with Willie Pep. But Frankie was a "bleeder." He suffered so many cuts around the eyes that he was forced into long layoffs between fights. In time he came to depend on odd jobs, not boxing, for a living.

Last January, while working on a

building under construction in Manhattan (but once again training hard), Frankie fell seven stories. Oddly, he was not killed, and for the past several months he has been taking speech therapy and relearning the use of his muscles at the Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation.

A few evenings ago, to celebrate Frankie's progress—he can talk, can stand up and has made a cradle for his daughter—Madison Square Garden threw a party for Frankie. He was visited by fans and friends like Rocky Graziano, Barney Ross, Bert Wheeler, Orlando Zulueta and Gus Lesnevich. At Frankie's request, the Zulueta fight film was shown. "Come on, Orlando!" Zulueta kept shouting. Graziano sang. Wheeler told jokes. There was a cake. It was a good time for Frankie.

THE NOISY DOLPHINS

Some 500 distinguished professors of animal husbandry, physicians, veterinarians, psychiatrists and assorted scientific authorities have just wound up a meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York, where they discussed such subjects as heart attacks in horses and pigeons, early experiences as a determinant of a dog's personality, and the future of animals in outer space.



The hit of the session was the bottle-nosed dolphin. Last year in his book, *Moe and Dolphin*, Dr. John Lilly predicted that within a few years humans will communicate with these aquatic chatterboxes (SI, Sept. 25, 1961). It is now pretty generally known that dolphins chat with each other by means of clicking sounds and whistles, and also imitate sounds made by man. Dr. Lilly described a new finding about dolphin communication, not included in his book. They ordinarily communicate on three different frequencies, ranging from 6,000 to 200,000 cycles per second (standard A of the piano is 440

cycles), and the dolphins' third sonar band, distinct from the others, cannot be heard by people but can be picked up on instruments at 40,000 cycles. They use it for warnings, turning it on when strangers come into the laboratory, and will sometimes use it to communicate with each other when they don't want scientists to hear what they are saying.

THE INSIDE TRACK

• Ray Ryan, millionaire oilman, entrepreneur and hotelkeeper, has been invited to consult with Jamaica's new prime minister on establishing gambling casinos in that country. Ryan has extensive real estate holdings there.

• The question no longer is whether Oakland's American Football League franchise will be moved, but what city it will move to—New Orleans or Kansas City. Despite shifting to a new stadium the Raiders have averaged only 11,000 attendance this year.

• The University of Houston, winner of six of the last seven NCAA golf championships, is stronger than ever. In the recent Tucker Intercollegiate Invitational which attracted the leading southwestern teams, the Cougars won the varsity division by 37 strokes and the freshman division by 53.

SCHOOL FOR SPECTATORS

Into the welter of marching bands, cheerleaders and muscle-stretching athletes that precedes any football kickoff anywhere, there stepped last Saturday afternoon in Winston-Salem a group of high school athletes whose role was missionary. They were to teach football to spectators assembling for the Winston-Salem Teachers-North Carolina A&T game. The idea of teaching the spectators was born some weeks back when Clarence (Bighouse) Gaines, Winston-Salem athletic director, discovered that his 9-year-old daughter, Lisa, enjoyed football but knew nothing about it.

Gaines prepared four lessons to be given during four home games. For Lesson One a couple of weeks ago he put a player in shorts and T shirt on the 50-yard line. As the player donned each piece of padding and gear its purpose was explained to the crowd. So were the size of the field, the player-numbering system, the formations and the scoring system. Lesson outlines were printed in the scorecard.

In Lesson Two the duties of the officials were explained. And then the high schoolers, eager to strut their stuff be-

fore a college audience, crisply demonstrated kickoff formations, fumbles, interceptions.

The lessons were mostly a great success. After the first one, 7-year-old Archie Bloom got up next morning and, using thumb tacks, showed his father the single wing formation. On the other hand, a coed (age undisclosed) was asked how many downs are given to make a first down. She replied: "Oh, I just don't know about details like that."

EXPERIMENT

The lively ball has been a commonplace of baseball since Babe Ruth's day. Now the National Hockey League is experimenting with the unlively puck. Reactions are mixed.

The new puck, made of butyl, has been tried out in practice sessions and at the All-Star game in Toronto. It shows more resistance to chipping (from being banged against the boards and kicked by skates), and its reduced resiliency is such that a carom off the backboards is less likely to bounce out in front of the net. Forwards and defensemen generally see no noteworthy difference in playing the puck, but goalies say it is "heavier" to handle when shot at them.

Detroit's Gordie Howe complained that he "couldn't seem to move it." Detroit is one of the teams that prefer a lively, bouncing puck for use in planned plays, and has, in fact, used lively backboards behind the net in order to get front-of-net racquets.

NHL President Clarence Campbell, now receiving reports on club experience with the puck, told Boston's Lynn Patrick that he had had "a lot of complaints" about it. Good bet: it will not be adopted.

THE OLD GO, GO, GO

Some oldsters will tell you that modern college football players are so accustomed to riding to classes, air conditioning and other modern comforts that they are not nearly as hardy as their predecessors used to be.

Neither, maybe, are their coaches.

Hayden Fry, head coach at Southern Methodist, now rides an electric cart—like those used on golf courses—around the practice field.

BRABERMAN'S RENAISSANCE

Back in the 1950s Al Braberman was a busy New York fight manager. He had a large hand in the management of a few name fighters—Chico Verger and Arthur

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

Persley come to mind—but he was known best as a supplier of preliminary fighters for out-of-town cards. His home offices were Stillman's Gym and the back of his father's hock shop next door, where he kept a cluttered desk behind the fur-coat racks. Three or four times a week Braverman would load up his 1953 Cadillac with fighters and head for such fight townships as Holyoke, Mass. and Providence. When out of town he would pass the time in museums and art galleries. "I was always a bug on art," he says. "After the weigh-in every stupid fight manager would run to the movies, the creeps. Twelve to 6 at night I would go to a museum or antique stores."

That was a few years ago. Since then TV has killed the out-of-town clubs, Stillman's has been torn down to make way for a motel, and the '53 Caddy has, in Braverman's words, "been scrapped along with the fighters." But unlike the creeps who had no inner resources, Fight Manager Braverman hustled himself a place in the art world. A couple of weeks ago he and his wife, Renée, opened the Theater East Gallery in Manhattan with a show featuring the works of five contemporary American artists. One of these, Maxam Bugzester, has drawn critical acclaim for the architectural character that "marks his work with quality."

"How do boxing and art tie in?" asks Braverman. "Well, I never had a world's champion in boxing, but I have a world's champion in this Maxam Bugzester. I have him exclusively, like a fighter. He's got color and movement. He's a natural, like a young Tony Janiro, but he's been tutored by Braque and Bonnard. It was always known that I had great selections in boxing—all the creeps used to come to me to ask who to bet—and in my selection of Bugzester I feel I have a future champion. If I hit it right with this guy, we're on top."

THEY SAID IT (FOOTBALL COACHES)

- Doug Weaver, Kansas State: after being hanged in effigy on campus: "I'm glad it happened in front of the library. I've always emphasized scholarship."
- Durrell Royal, Texas, ordering his freshman players to lose surplus weight: "Fat people don't offend me. What offends me is losing with fat people."
- Duffy Daugherty, Michigan State: "My only feeling about superstition is that it's unlucky to be behind at the end of a game."

END



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**Sports
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OCTOBER 29, 1962

DOUBLE BONANZA FOR

Led by a Corvette, tightly packed sports cars whip around a curve on Laguna Seca's spectacular 1.9-mile roller coaster course.



SPORTS CARS

Two California races produce 140,000 people, the world's best drivers, and a surprise winner by **KENNETH RUDEEN**

Photographs by Phil Jack



CONTINUED

Twelve miles from the sea in northern California the automobile race-course at Laguna Seca winds like an enormous roller coaster through the wild and lovely hills reaching upward above spectacular Monterey Peninsula. It is 1.9 miles long and, with gnarled oak trees clinging to the dun-colored hillsides along its upper reaches, it is one of the world's most picturesque—and sporting—circuits. Last weekend some 65,000 spectators rolled into Laguna Seca, drawn there by the prospect of seeing most of the world's best-known sports car races in action. By nightfall Sunday they had truly seen something to remember: a grand slam by 25-year-old Roger Penske.

Penske came to Laguna Seca just seven days after an unheralded and unexpected (except by him) victory at Riverside, where he won \$12,000. Californians, a loyal but liberal lot, granted that Penske had skill and pluck, but they also felt it had taken plenty of breaks and luck to beat a renowned home stayer like Dan Gurney. And, in a way, they were right.

In the first 100-mile heat of the Pacific Grand Prix for sports cars at Laguna Seca, Gurney drove a Lotus Mark 19 to victory. In the second heat Texas' Lloyd Ruby scrambled with Gurney and ultimately prevailed when Gurney's orange racer broke down. The scramble did neither of them the least bit of good. Roger Penske, driving his home-altered, bargain-basement Cooper, finished a steadfast second in each heat and won the race on points. He got \$5,000 for his trouble, or a total of \$17,000 for a few days' work and two days of actual racing during one of the most remarkable fortnights in U.S. racing history.

It had begun early in the previous week when the vanguard of a mechanized army of 76,400 thronged to Riverside Raceway in the mountain-ringed Moreno Valley of southern California for a similar racing card. Thousands upon hardly thousands came on the eve of the race and spent the night on the perimeter of Riverside Raceway so as to be ready at dawn to scurry for positions. They arrived—men in car coats and girls in stretch pants of magenta, mustard, mocha and all the other colors of a Hollywood rainbow—with sleeping bags and mattresses in long queues of cars and trailers. In sum, these audiences at Riverside and Laguna Seca easily outnumbered





the immense one that always attends the Indianapolis "500."

The two weeks were in perfect consonance with California's standing as the most car-happy territory on earth. After all, Californians own 10% of the nation's 60 million cars; and California is the heartland of the hot rod, the Indianapolis car builder, the old-car collector and the fabricator of specialty machines and machines for speed events.

Reverberations from Riverside and Laguna Seca echoed all the way to Coventry and Stuttgart and Milan, for the foreign manufacturers are antelope-alert to the American market and anxious to spread a halo over their lines through racing successes. They echoed in Detroit, as well. At Riverside there was the first confrontation of Chevrolet's new Corvette Sting Ray sports car (SI, Oct. 1) and the Ford-engined Shelby AC Cobra; at Laguna Seca, Ford paraded its experimental Mustang sports car, and at both courses, Chevy displayed Corvair and Corvette-based models with a strong sporting flavor. These were portents of a larger sports clash which surely—and soon—will engage Ford and Chevy in open, exciting combat.

Moreover, the California fiesta proved that newspaper ink can sell racing tickets. Road racing is still relatively new to the American sports scene. Except at Indianapolis and a very few other race-tracks there is no large, automatic response to racing events. Riverside had its big crowd because the *Los Angeles Times* plugged it heavily, with some fancy running out in the field by the *Times* special-events director, Glenn Davis, the unforgettable Mr. Outside of wartime Army football. Potential Laguna Seca fans were drummed to attention by the *San Francisco Examiner*. And even on a news-rich weekend (for example: Socialist first-nighter commits suicide over insurance-premium irregularities, Chinese "ex-warlord" holds 13-year-old great-granddaughter in captivity), the *Examiner* bannered THE GRAND PRIX—RACING'S BIG DAY on Page One. The newspapers jointly guaranteed some \$22,000 to insure the appearance of big-name international and domestic driving stars. They made possible a rich \$32,225 in

prizes at Riverside and \$20,000 at Laguna Seca.

"You'd feel sort of un-American if you didn't go to those races," said California Driver Chuck Daugh. (By failing to appear, Mr. Brown and Mr. Nixxon, waging hot gubernatorial campaigns, passed up a marvelous opportunity to solicit the sports car vote.)

It was as an aperitif to the following day's 200-mile Riverside main event that a single Cobra and four new Corvettes met in the very first of what should be many exciting contests between those makes. Their race was a three-hour endurance run over the tricky 2.6-mile Riverside road course.

"It's little old megalomaniac General Motors," mourned the former racing star Carroll Shelby, builder (in California) of the Cobra. Carroll, it is said, is actually being offered important money by Ford to make the Cobra even more deadly than it is. "Let it sink its fangs deep into the Sting Ray"—that, reportedly, is the feeling at Dearborn.

Conceived by Shelby, Ford-engined and with sleek coachwork by AC of England, the Cobra was menacing enough in this first test as it snaked along behind the fastest Corvette at Riverside, then passed it to take the lead, only to fall out ultimately with a broken axle. The winner was Californian Doug Hooper in another Corvette—one prepared by California speed-recording, Mackey Thompson, and the only one of the four Sting Ray starters to survive.

That evening, as the night people began to assemble at the raceway, fortunate racegoers with lodgings and preferred viewing spots dined at the gracious Mission Inn, a hostelry built in the Spanish manner. Native bulls were intent, at poolside and patio tables, upon handicapping the 200-mile—confusingly called a Grand Prix, although it was for sports cars, not single-seaters. But the foreign drivers were mostly intent upon enjoying California. Said Joakim Bonnier, the bearded Swede: "The enthusiasm for racing here is fantastic." To Graham Hill of Britain, leader in the world driver standings (SI, Oct. 15), racing is "on the up in America. The enthusiasm in California is incred-

continued

Young folks in bowlers, part of large, colorfully dressed crowd of car-crazy Californians were knowing observers at Laguna Seca, where accidents like the spasm above were many but, fortunately, minor

ible and, oh, how I love the sunshine."

The next day, beneath a most beneficent sun, Bonnier, Hill and the other quality imports—New Zealand's Bruce McLaren, Australia's Jack Brabham, Britain's Innes Ireland—were arrayed against most of the outstanding Americans. Unfortunately missing from the lineup were the defending world champion, Phil Hill, and his friend and rival, Richie Ginther. The natives who did compete may be divided, for convenience, into two groups. From the world-class section come Masten Gregory of Kansas and Dan Gurney. It is a point of great pride among Californians, whose automotive pleasy is boundless, that Hill, Ginther and Gurney are fellow residents.

Then there were the American "semipro," men with other jobs or with incomes, who do not race full time but are very rapid when they do. The well-heeled Texas subgroup includes Alan Connell, rancher and bow rigger, and Jim Hall, an oil-drilling junior magnate, who is identifiable by his skintight jeans and a shirt bearing a Lone Star emblem. In the midwestern brewery-her wing are Augie Pabst and Harry Heuer.

In addition, there was Roger Penske of Gladwyne, Pa., a sales engineer for Alcoa. Penske, who does not figure on forms to beat the likes of Gurney & Co. in matched cars, does a great deal of thinking about improving his odds. Judging rightly that extreme lightness in a racing car pays high dividends, he bought for a mere \$500 a small British Cooper Grand Prix single-seater that was wrecked last year at Watkins Glen by Walt Hansgen, the ageless New Jersey semipro (who was also racing in California but was hounded by mechanical ills).

By having the Grand Prix car unbent, installing "sports car" bodywork, including fenders and headlights and a mandatory second seat (between the frame and the skin) and replacing the old engine with a powerful 2.7-liter Climax from Britain, Penske produced a rocket. He sprung this bizarre creation upon the racing world at Riverside—and, by George, he won.

Gone with the Wind in pits is alternately coy, perky, exuberant as she encourages driver with unorthodox signs and a leggy "Go!"



Except for a blonde muffin at turn 6 who was perusing a copy of *Gone With the Wind* and a few other spectators whose devotion was less than blue-flame, the huge crowd rapidly watched Penske and Gurney spar for many laps. Gurney, whose German Porsche Grand Prix cars were not quite up to the best (and conquering) British racers this season, is nevertheless considered by many racing men to be the fastest, finest driver now practicing. Britain's Stirling Moss having been dismantled indefinitely by accident injuries. Tall, blond, handsome and forthright, Dan Gurney is the John Wayne of racing.

Late getting his squat little British Lotus 19 ready for Riverside, he qualified only by winning a consolation sprint and started at the rear of the field as Penske departed on the pole. Yet he not only overtook Penske but would surely have won if his throttle linkage had not snapped, abruptly putting him out.

"It was," Gurney said afterward, "a doggone good race." He was thinking not so much of his duel with Penske as the \$12,000 in first-place prize money that had slipped from his grasp into the hands of the Pennsylvanian. Rare is the race in which a driver can earn so much, racer still a driver like Penske who picks up \$17,000 for two weeks' work.

Second to Penske at Riverside was Jim Hall, and his was a performance gratifying to Americans because his Chaparral is an all-American car. Built by the southern California specialists Trounman and Barnes (who fashioned the frame and skin of the Ford Mustang), the Chaparral is powered by a modified Corvette engine.

However, the weekend was not all gaiety and triumph. Driver Pat Pigott was fatally injured in one accident, the lady "500" champion, Roger Ward, was badly hurt in another. From Riverside the racers moved northward to Steinbeck country. A core of deep-dyed buffs arrived early for all the practice trials and preliminary racing; they discovered, or rediscovered, a number of diversions from the clamor of the race-course.

Although the approaching Gurney vs. Penske rematch at Laguna Seca in the two 100-mile heats of the Pacific Grand Prix was the cardinal topic, these happy wanderers also discussed the quality of the abdalone and the prawns at Rappa's on Fisherman's Wharf at Monterey, the

exquisite courtesy of kimono-clad Japanese waitresses at the Ginza Restaurant, the loveliness of certain young ladies in the bar of the Casa Munras (who were to appear later in the ubiquitous stretch pants at the racetrack), and the unhappy disappearance some years ago of the great sardine schools from adjacent waters, an event that caused much hardship on Steinbeck's Cannery Row.

however, were men who race only for trophies and the exhilaration of adventurous striving. In MGs and Triumphs, Porsches and Alfa Romeos and Sunbeams, in Corvettes and Ferraris, and most of the rest of the world's sports cars, as well as Formula Junior single-seaters, they had a high old time dashing around the course.

"They do it," said Miles, who is 44,



Stirling rich harvest. Roger Penske grins from home-bail car after Riverside victory

They all marveled at the course, which the gifted sempo Ken Miles, who was born in England and is an Angelino by adoption, described as made strictly for drivers. "You are almost never going straight here. And, though it may not look it, the course is very fast. The fast corners separate the men from the boys."

On Saturday, Miles was among the drivers in six races preliminary to the Sunday finale. Here, for the most part,

lean and articulate, "because the security of a 9-to-5 job is deadly dull. I find that there is a certain pleasure to be derived from doing something bloody dangerous and getting away with it. Understand me. I have a great ambition to stay alive. I try to stay within my limit. But I would hate a life without racing."

As long as he stays in California, he won't have to worry. Except about Roger Penske.

END

TEXAS KEEPS ITS PLACE ON TOP

With only a minute to play, the first-ranked team in the country was losing to the underdog University of Arkansas. Then a chorus of whoops and hollers signaled a Longhorn victory

by WALTER BINGHAM

Football games last an hour—which is a lucky thing for Texas. One minute short of that hour in its game against Arkansas in Austin last Saturday night, Texas was in jeopardy of losing a whole bundle—the game, its ranking as the nation's top team and, most probably, the Southwest Conference title. But with only 36 seconds left to play, a bulldog of a tailback named Tommy Ford cracked into the Arkansas line for three precious yards and the touchdown that gave Texas the game, 7-3. Even as Ford lay in the end zone, the whole world seemed to explode. Cannons went off. Cushions flew through the air. Bugles blared, horns honked and drums banged. People—and there were more than 64,000 of them in the stadium—screamed and yelled and slugged each other happily while a sad few, Arkansas rooters, cried and silently cut their throats. Texas was the winner and still heavyweight champion of college football.

Not in years has a football game in the Southwest Conference attracted so much excitement. Governor Faubus of Arkansas didn't have a ticket, so he phoned Governor Daniel of Texas, who didn't have one either. When it started raining on Friday, no one seemed to mind. Late into the night the sidewalks were still crowded with happy people, some singing the familiar *Eyes of Texas*, others piercing the air with the call of the hog, symbol of the Arkansas Razorback.

It wasn't many years ago that the hog call sounded hoarse, tears were in the eyes of Texas and a game between Arkansas and Texas was just another line in the Sunday papers. Then in 1957 Texas hired Darrell Royal, and a year later Arkansas hired Frank Broyles. Since then the two coaches have dominated the Southwest Conference with their energy, imagination and keen sense of public relations. Arkansas has now won or shared the conference title for the last three years. On the two occasions it shared the title the co-winner was Texas.

This season both teams, clearly the dominant powers in the conference, won their first four games, thus setting the stage for their crucial clash at Austin.

The two coaches are about as similar in looks, background and personality as the sound of their last names. Broyles is

ball season Royal lives on a steady diet of sleeping pills. Not Broyles. The pills on his desk are for hay fever. Not that Broyles doesn't get nervous. He simply stops eating and loses 15 pounds or so.

Royal and Broyles are good friends, and they often play golf together. They both belong to the coaches' committee that ranks the nation's top teams each week. Last week, after Texas was ranked first, Broyles freely admitted that was where he picked them. Arkansas was ranked sixth, but it received one first-place vote. Royal just grinned.

Thus began a week of psychological warfare. Everything each said or did was suspect and subject to intense scrutiny in the papers. When Broyles said on three successive days that his team had been practicing to stop Texas' strong running game, some people decided he was trying to bluff Royal into passing more often and that Arkansas was really practicing pass defense.

Royal poked a midweek luncheon to begin firing up his team. Casting the alumni and Texas football writers as the villains, he defended his team against what he called unjust criticism. "I'm getting sick of people asking what's wrong with the Longhorns," he roared. "Our players are undefeated and yet they're going around with their chins on their chests." Then, as if to stress the absurdity of the situation, Royal announced five changes in his starting lineup, including the quarterback. "We haven't been scoring enough," he said.

When they weren't trying to outpsych one another, Royal and Broyles were figuring out how to stop the other's attack. The Texas plan, simply, was to keep Arkansas' high-gear offense from going wide, which meant trying to contain the sprint-out pass-run options of quarterback Billy Moore, the leading gainer in the Southwest Conference. To hear Darrell Royal tell it, Moore combines the better aspects of Doak Walker and Bobby Layne. He is, in fact, a little



Texas' Royal exhorts team in final minutes.

37, has reddish hair, was a star quarterback at Georgia Tech, has his own TV show, doesn't smoke, doesn't drink and plays golf in the mid-70s, not quite as well, he says, as Darrell Royal. Royal is 38, has reddish hair, was a star quarterback at Oklahoma, has his own TV show, doesn't smoke, doesn't drink and plays golf in the mid-70s, not quite as well, he says, as Frank Broyles.

There are some differences between the two men, of course. During the foot-

guy, but he's tough and cocky. Against Tulsa this season he found himself holding the ball on his own 10-yard line when his fullback blew a play. Moore quickly whirled, ducked through the hole the fullback should have taken and ran 90 yards for a touchdown, the longest scoring run in Arkansas history. As a passer, Moore was inadequate as a sophomore, but he has improved tremendously. Royal felt that to stop Moore would be to beat Arkansas.

Broyles was worried about every phase of Texas' game, but what probably worried him most was the rugged Texas defense, of which a major part was Ernie Koy Jr. A sophomore, Koy is one of the best punters in the country, averaging more than 40 yards a kick. Both Royal and Broyles are dedicated field-position men, and to such a game Koy is a tremendous asset. His amazing ability to kick the ball quickly, yet high and far, so that there is no runback, has lifted Texas out of several holes. Broyles hoped to combat Koy's quick kick by keeping his safety man 10 yards deeper than normal and letting him rush up if Texas lined up in a normal formation.

The preparation by both teams was evident in the first quarter of the game. Arkansas forced Texas back near its own goal line, and its deep safety man discouraged Texas from quick-kicking. Texas, on its part, stopped Arkansas' outside attack, the ends doing their job well. On the sidelines Broyles and Royal paced back and forth like expectant fathers. Broyles with his shirttails hanging out, Royal nervously mopping his forehead with the back of his hand.

Early in the second quarter Billy Moore caught Texas guarding too much outside and sent his fullback up the middle for nine yards and a first down. When Texas drew in Moore flipped a little pass for nine more yards. But that was all the big Texas line would permit. On fourth down from the 24-yard line, Broyles sent in a sophomore center named Tom McKnelly and told him to kick a field goal. McKnelly had never kicked one before, but that didn't worry him. He gave the ball a boot, and it shot forward like a rocket. If the goal posts had been 10 yards farther away and only three feet wide, the kick still would have been good. Arkansas led 3-0,

In the third quarter it almost led by more. Playing beautifully, Moore brought the Razorbacks to the three. There he gave the ball to Danny Brahman, a tackle turned fullback. Brahman made it to the goal line, perhaps over, but without the ball. Texas recovered in the end zone, and Arkansas was never to have such a chance again.

In spite of this disappointment, Arkansas looked like a winner well into the final quarter. There was certainly no hint of the drama ahead when Quarterback Duke Carlisle lost five yards on his own 15, with 8:13 left to play. The Arkansas

kansas intercepted a pass on its own 35 only to be told that it had been intercepted a foot out of bounds. With 40 seconds left, Texas' Johnny Gensung was trapped on the nine, but as he was falling he managed to flip a little pass that was knocked down. It was a magnificent effort that stopped the clock.

At this moment Darrell Royal sent Tommy Ford back into the game. Ford got the ball, slanted off tackle and a hole opened up. "All I could see was green grass and the end zone," he said later. Ford fell over the goal line, and the state of Texas went out of its mind.



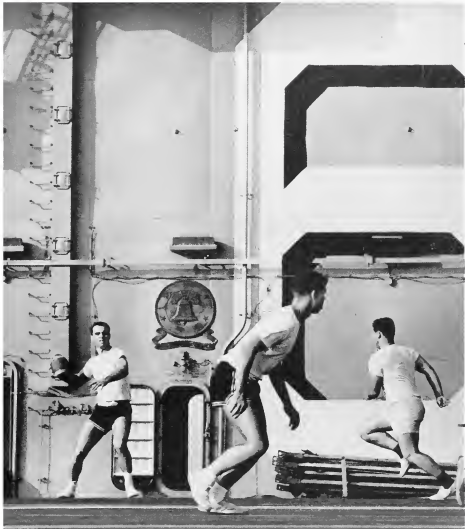
Arkansas' Billy Moore, a hero in a losing cause, hands off to Fullback Jesse Branch.

goal was 90 yards away, almost as many yards as Texas had been able to gain in the entire game. Perhaps Arkansas sensed the victory at hand and relaxed. In any event, Carlisle pished for 12 yards and again for 11, and Texas had a first down on its own 33. On opposite sidelines Broyles and Royal were doing the dance of madmen, Royal sending in players to keep the momentum, Broyles sending in players to stop it.

But there was no stopping it. Ar-

With the crack of the final gun, Darrell Royal, surrounded by a mob, fought his way toward midfield. Frank Broyles, surrounded by no one, was there to meet him. The two shook hands in the traditional manner, no more, no less. Then Royal began trading hugs and punches with his assistant coaches as the whole group was borne off toward the dressing room. Broyles watched him an instant, turned and walked away, his right hand idly tucking in his shirttail.

END



Aerial Alert at Sea



Photographs by Stuart Smith

Alert for aerial attack, men raced across the deck of the carrier "Independence" one day last week—in a game of touch football. A grimmer task lay ahead for them but for the moment at least those whose job it was to guard the nation found time for play.

continues



AERIAL ALERT *continued*

With four acres of deck space, the 4,142 men of the "Independence" have plenty of room for games. Last week, as the carrier steamed south on the orders of President Kennedy to join other units of the

Atlantic Fleet in this country's firm answer to the Soviet buildup in Cuba, they played volleyball, fished off the sponson deck for jacks or, like this sailor, drove plastic golf balls down long steel fairways.

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HIS SUNDAYS ARE MURDER

Fran Tarkenton, quarterback of the Minnesota Vikings, has to scramble to save his young life

by **TEX MAULE**

Fran Tarkenton, the often beleaguered quarterback of the Minnesota Vikings (see cover), is a professional football player whose cup runneth over. Unfortunately for young Mr. Tarkenton, this is not the pleasant circumstance it might be for you or Miss America of 1962 or a Rockefeller. More often than not, Tarkenton's overflowing cup leads to a varied assortment of contusions, sore bumps and miserable afternoons that he remembers with as much enthusiasm as he would an acute case of food poisoning.

The cup, it should be explained, is not a cup at all. It is the pros' word for the protective wall that the offensive line is supposed to throw around a passer every time he drops back to pass. On the Vikings last year the wall almost never materialized. In the first few games this season it was

just a shadowy crotch that leaked 250-pound ends and tackles. For most people the prospect of playing football behind the Viking wall would be terrifying. But for Fran Tarkenton, the earnest son of a minister who does not smoke, drink or even curse, playing quarterback for the Vikings is a challenge to master his job rather than to prove his bravery.

"I got discouraged sometimes last year," Tarkenton said the other day with remarkable equanimity. "Not because I was getting hit, but because I was making mistakes. There is so much to learn about playing quarterback in this league. The toughest thing to figure is the defenses. In college [he played at Georgia] all I had to worry about was my pass pattern. Now I've got to recognize a defense in a couple of seconds, remember how they cover on passes,

continued

figure out the weakness in it and call an audible. I hope some day all that becomes instinctive. It's not now."

Stan West, the Minnesota line coach, described the Viking forwards of a year ago rather simply. "They are not," said West, who weighs around 280 pounds and used to play middle guard for the Los Angeles Rams, "big. But they are slow." Norman Van Brocklin, the coach of the Vikings and a former quarterback himself, explains it somewhat differently. "Last year," he says, "we had lots of 'watch-out' blockers on the club. A watch-out blocker is a guy who misses his assignment and turns around and hollers to the quarterback, 'Watch out!' This year we have a few more blockers and a few less hollers."

This, of course, is good news to Tarkenton who, as you can see in the color photographs on the following pages, has spent some long and sickening Sunday afternoons since he joined the Vikings as a rookie last fall. Although the Vikings of this year lost their first five starts (in 1961 they had won one by the fifth game) their line is beginning to jell and the future looks bright.

A year ago Tarkenton's principal problem, other than a porous line, was an understandable tendency to leave whatever cup there was and run. This made it difficult for the few strong, silent types who were standing their ground. Pro blockers have to know within a couple of yards where the quarterback will be if they are going to protect him.

"He used to take off out of the pocket if you raised an arm coming in," a Green Bay linebacker recalls. ("In college I was fast enough to run away from them if I had to," Tarkenton says.) "He is a good scrambler, but if you run much you'll get clobbered."

This year Tarkenton has stayed within the protective circle more consistently. He still gets dumped with irritating frequency, but he doesn't take the mauling he suffered last season. "I was surprised at the size and the speed of the defensive linemen in pro football," he says. "I had to learn to find lanes in the defense to throw through because the linemen coming in are too big to see over. And I guess if I had to run 50 yards against Henry Jordan [defensive tackle for the Green Bay Packers] he would beat me by five."

Tarkenton actually is rather quick for a quarterback. He scrambles very well, through necessity, and he is adept at the *sine qua non* of a good pro quarterback: picking up floating receivers in a broken pattern. This requires good peripheral vision and the ability to disregard the dangers—*i.e.*, those menacing linemen—while waiting to get a pass off at the last moment.

"He had a tendency to throw too soft when he came up," Van Brocklin said the other day. "In college you can dunk a ball out there, but in this league if you hang a pass it's as bad as hanging a curve ball in baseball."

"It's a matter of habit," Tarkenton says. "I have to remember every time I throw to follow through all the way and straighten out my arm, so I throw the ball flat even on the long passes."

The difference between the Tarkenton—and the Viking blockers—of these days and earlier is plain to see. In the opening game of the season Tarkenton was savaged by Green Bay. Two weeks ago, against the same team, he lost

only 28 yards attempting to pass, most of them late in the game when the Packers could commit their linebackers to rushing him. It was plain to see, too, that the training he got in accepting adversity last season had helped him. He ducked and wheeled and peered around the large Packer linemen and managed to complete 18 of 28 passes for 260 yards and two touchdowns. The Vikings, mostly on Tarkenton's arm and bravery, scored four of the first five touchdowns given up by Green Bay this year.

"In the opening game we waited for Tarkenton to commit himself and then we went after him," a Packer linebacker said. "If the first guy didn't get him, the next did. But this time he was much harder to reach."

Fortunately for Tarkenton, he is sturdy and not a bit injury-prone. He played every game for the Vikings last season and has played every one so far this year. "He gets up," Van Brocklin says, "no matter how hard they belt him. He doesn't complain, either. He isn't a motor mouth."

Van Brocklin has worked hard with Tarkenton, on both the technical and the emotional aspects of pro football. After some of the disasters of last year Tarkenton, naturally, was depressed. He and Van Brocklin spent hours looking at movies of those games, with the coach pointing out everything good that Tarkenton had done and how small

FRAN TARKENTON'S TRAVAIL UNDER FIRE

There were times last season when the Vikings' quarterback had good reason to wonder if he had anybody playing on his side. Against the huge Detroit Lions he often was forced to eat the ball (right) but sometimes fell into more desperate trouble (next page) as Alex Karras (71) and Roger Brown (78) crunched him in a mighty pincers.

Photographs by Ned Seifer

the difference between success and failure was. Invariably Tarkenton left the seasons with renewed confidence.

But of all the lessons Van Brocklin taught Tarkenton, the most important was to stay put, even in a crumbling cup. During his playing career with the Rams and the Eagles, Van Brocklin, who was not at all fast, almost never ran. His limitation, he feels, proved his blessing.

"When a quarterback is forced to run, you have taken away his effectiveness and made him play your game," he said the other day. "He won't beat you running. He'll beat you throwing the ball. That's what he's paid to do. As I once said, and say again, he should run only from sheer terror."

Tarkenton, who knows now what Van Brocklin is talking about, agrees.









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KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL



Drawings by Marc Simon

AND A HAND ON YOUR WALLET

by NO. 85893 as told to NO. 78904

The authors of this article are under sentence at the State Prison of Southern Michigan. Their manuscript was cleared by prison authorities before it was submitted to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. No. 85893, who specializes in hustling spectators at sports events, enjoyed trusty status until a recent day when he decided to take an unauthorized leave. He is still on the lam. He may well be the kindly-looking gentleman on your right at next Saturday's football game.

With more people enjoying more leisure than ever before, 1961 was a great year for spectator sports. It was also a great year for me—which made it something less than great for quite a few spectators. I'm a professional thief, and for 20 years I made my living by hustling the sports fan at everything from cock fights to the World Series.

Of course, I could never claim any monopoly on the racket, or even much originality. I was only one among a growing fraternity of thieves who are devoting

more and more of their larcenous attentions to a hustle that was old when hoods were heaving chariot whips, golden circlets and stray denarii from the crowd at the Colosseum.

Modern practitioners devote very little time to golden circlets, but we do make a respectable haul in binoculars, cameras, transistor radios (known in the trade as "pocketable portables"), cash, apparel and accessories. FBI estimates put our take at upward of \$50 million a year—and this isn't counting the rake-off that

continued



Hot merchandise can be pushed back easily to these fans looking for a "steal"

EYE ON THE BALL *continued*

goes to our less forthright brethren, the scalpers, touts, con artists and bookies.

Contrary to popular opinion, very little of this comes from racetrack patrons. The association of thieves and ponies is largely a myth nurtured by the late Damon Runyon, a well-meaning gentleman who wouldn't have known where to steal an apple. What with track dicks, city cops and other law-enforcing oddments, it's almost worth your parole to go near a horse. Crowd hustlers tend to shy away from anything that has legal betting attached to it. They concentrate on the big, popular sports, like baseball, football, hockey and basketball, though not to the exclusion of participant sports such as bowling and newly popular games, like lacrosse and jai alai, which are attracting a whole shiny new crop of victims.

I was always partial to aquatic events, tennis matches and sports car races. Long

ago I came to the obvious conclusion that my success as a thief was going to depend heavily on the affluence of my "clients," and I discovered that the sportier sports seemed to bring out a better-heeled set. The merchandise not only was in greater quantity and of superior quality but was treated in a more cavalier manner by its owners. Sports car rallies offered one significant advantage. If I had a bad day with the spectators I could turn my attention to the contents of their cars, mostly easy-to-enter convertibles. And if that still didn't net me enough I wasn't above clouting a whole car. That sort of thing is risky, but at least you have something to show for your work. This is to larceny what job insurance is to honesty.

Getting rid of the stuff I heisted was never any problem. What I didn't sell to my friendly fence I pushed right back to the fans at temptingly reduced prices—

so reduced sometimes that I suspect my legitimate customers had more larceny in their hearts than I did. I must have pushed back enough hot merchandise over the years to get half of Yankee Stadium busted for receiving stolen goods.

I learned all the angles of the racket years back by serving an apprenticeship with an oldtime hustler named Heim Klein. He was an old man when I knew him, but that didn't keep him from being the slickest thief ever to come down the bleachers. Heim used to hustle in the old country before he came over here around the turn of the century, and what he didn't know about taking a mark would never get you arrested.

"Work clean," he used to tell me, "A good thief should look like an honest victim." That's exactly how Heim looked—a little shadow of a man, plain as a cell-block wall, with a touch of arthritis and such an unmitigated look of innocence that strangers felt like kicking him for his apparent simpleness. Sometimes he affected a Malacca cane that he swore he'd clouted from Otto von Bismarck at a yacht race on the Starnberger See. If that really was Bismarck's cane the old boy probably gave it to Heim. Heim was the kind of old gentleman that—well, when people had to go someplace they asked him to watch their kids. Many of his best scores came from people asking him to hold their seats and keep an eye on their things. Heim kept an eye on them all right—all the way to the nearest fence.

Heim's specialties were cameras and binoculars. He'd move in on his mark as polite and Old Worldly as you please, and before you knew it he'd be squinting out at the field through a borrowed pair of Bausch & Lomb's or exclaiming naively over a \$500 Leica. And the first time a player made a 50-yard run or slammed out a homer, Heim simply evaporated into the crowd.

In later years Heim was forced to disappate his genius on more sedentary gaffs, like short cons. Even the best hustler has to cut and run at times, and a thief with arthritis just doesn't have much advancement potential.

Heim would have been a great disappointment to those who expect their lawbreakers to come with shifty eyes, 5 o'clock shadows and prison pallors. All of us, in fact, look pretty ordinary, and if you hustle outdoor events you can cultivate a better-than-average suntan. The

continued



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only guy I knew who really conformed to the Lombrosian ideal was a little creep affectionately known to the light-fingered clan as The Creep. He had a face like an armpit and a personality that only a warden could love. Cops used to dog his heels like flies after a garbage scow—and that was just dandy, because it took heat off the rest of us.

The thinking thief takes pains to avoid looking like a hood. If this means a raglan sweater and tapered slacks at a National Open, then that's what he wears while cusing the gallery or shaking down the locker room. If it also means an occasional pair of Bermuda shorts, that's just one of the sacrifices demanded by any profession. Whatever event he's working, though, a good thief learns to get the feel of a crowd: when they're all wrapped up in the game and straining with excitement, and when they're restless, digging for cigarettes and wondering where the rest room is. If the game hasn't got them, you can't make them. But when the action is really hot—man, you can do everything but undress them.

That's what gives a crowd hustler his biggest edge. People at a game aren't thinking about being robbed in the first place. And once the game is moving they don't see anything but the players. Sometimes, when the action is especially good, even the hustlers forget what they're doing. One time I saw a dip put his hand in a mark's pocket and then forget all about it while they both stood there and watched a Norwegian skier named Ansten Samuelstuen make a record jump of 316 feet at Steamboat Springs.

Picking pockets is an art I never had much talent for. It demands a certain coolness and finesse that always seemed to escape me, and the few attempts I made generally resulted in unpleasant little scenes that cost a sorry price in dignity—people yelling "Cutpurse!" and "Stop, thief!" like something out of Dickens. Disgraceful. And what happened to me the last time I tried picking a pocket shouldn't happen to a stool pigeon. I was working a hockey game at Detroit's Olympia Stadium when I spotted a mark carrying his wallet in the pocket of a topcoat slung over one shoulder. This makes for a very soft touch. I got hold of the wallet, all right, and was just easing it out when I became aware of a very unsettling thing. Someone had his hand in my hip pocket! I spun around so fast I peeled my mark

right out of his seat, but by the time I got untangled from the topcoat I'd already been made. This was extremely humiliating for a man in my line of work, and it very nearly ruined my professional reputation.

Crowd hustling, of course, does have a not-so-funny side to it. Purse snatchers, a dangerous breed, like to work sporting events because it's easy for them



Losing his own wallet embarrasses a thief

to get lost. And then there are junkies, working on a crazy mixture of nerve and desperation that easily turns to panic. These guys not only lack the sophistication that marks a true professional, they are inconsiderate of their victims to the point of irresponsibility. It isn't unusual for a purse snatcher to dislocate a woman's arm if she's a bit slow letting go of her bag. And junkies are completely unpredictable. One minute they're warm, friendly fellows who would give you the monkey off their back; then you rub their nerves the wrong way and they're cutting you a new navel. It's cheap hoods like this who get the rest of us pegged as dangerous scoundrels, drunkards and dope fiends. And if it's any consolation to those scared souls who have run afoul of them, these bums are thor-

oughly despised in professional circles.

During my active years I probably picked up enough merchandise to open my own branch of Abercrombie & Fitch. About the only thing I never clouted was a real live athlete. But the wildest score I ever made was the time I snatched a set of Bobby Jones specials out of a car at Pebble Beach. I stood in the parking lot and watched a man put them in his trunk. When he went back to the clubhouse I strolled over, raised the lid and picked up the clubs—and that's when the snakes started climbing out of the bag.

So help me, this guy had snakes! He had snakes like other people have mice. Half a dozen or better. I didn't stick around for any silly explanations, and I didn't even try to salvage the clubs. I dropped everything, like a man who's just seen half a dozen snakes coming out of a golf bag, and headed for the 19th hole. As a matter of fact, the whole experience was so upsetting that for a couple of weeks I was seriously thinking of going straight.

Short of starving serpents in your belongings, it's still easy enough to prevent this sort of thing. Individually, theft losses can be stopped by the simple expedient of not leaving valuables in cars and by keeping an alert eye on those that are being carried. A hustler depends on carelessness and inattention. Take that away from him and he's out of business. Of course, I managed to go out of business without anything being taken away. Fluked off, as we say in prison. A little old lady who thought I "looked like a thief making a getaway" stuck an umbrella between my legs and tripped me down three flights of aisle B at Tiger Stadium. Her silly suspicion was, unfortunately, correct—and I landed right in a cop's lap with a pocketful of evidence.

This misfortune cost me five to 10 years in the state penitentiary, but it doesn't mean permanent retirement and it won't even make a statistical dent in those FBI figures. Crowd hustling is still the easiest and most popular sport of all, and it probably attracts more participants than the competitive events that spawn it.

To the great consolation of many a hard-working thief, this is one racket that just won't be stopped. No one is going to convince a mark that he's a mark—especially when he has his eye on the ball.

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FORECAST FOR A NEW PRO SEASON

A thorough look at the National Basketball Association, with some predictions on who will finish where and an examination of the strong, young teams that may start the sport's next dynasty

GROWING TO GREATNESS

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

In its 64 frantic, erratic years professional basketball has produced but two dynasties. The first was the Celtics of New York—the original Celtics. They played anyone, anytime, anywhere and finally disbanded in noteworthy disgust in 1928, victims of their own ability. They couldn't find anybody worth competing against. The second was—some will say is—the Boston Celtics. They came imperiously to the top in 1956 and proceeded to win five National Basketball Association championships in the next six seasons. Now, partly because the league's best all-round player, Elgin Baylor, is back from the Army, but even more because a wiry, playmaking guard, Jerry West, has matured so swiftly, a third great basketball dynasty is abuilding, the Los Angeles Lakers. This is the season it should take over, and with its solid combination of youth and talent it could prevail as effectively as both

continued

Crew-cut Jerry West, diving for a lay-up (left) or sitting with Coach Fred Schaus (right), typifies fresh, forward look of the Lakers





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PRO BASKETBALL

its powerful Celtic predecessors did.

Last week the NBA season opened and the first team to take the court was these same Lakers. Their average age was 25. Their coach, Fred Schaus, was a mere 36. Their rookies were impressive and their improvement over last year (when they were a strong second to Boston) was marked. With a burst of youthful exuberance and a game full of West to Baylor, Baylor to West, they dismembered Detroit, 122-106, thus beginning the big bid to oust Boston.

The apparent arrival of the Lakers is the most significant development in a very important season for the ever-unsettled NBA. Of all the leagues in professional sport, none is more abused by its players and followers, or more confused by its owners and officers than this one.

Thirty-one times since it was formed in 1946, the NBA has added, subtracted or shifted franchises; seven times over the past 13 seasons it has lengthened its schedule. Currently on the drawing (critics say doodling) board of the league are plans for future franchise shifts to Cleveland and Baltimore. When the turtle sticks its neck out it usually makes progress, but when the NBA sticks its neck out it often doesn't.

Going into this season four NBA franchises—Cincinnati, Chicago, Syracuse and Detroit—appear certain to lose money and a fifth, San Francisco, probably will. Boston, New York, St. Louis and Los Angeles likely will show a profit, but not as much as they should—in part at least because of two bad moves by the league's owners and its officers.

Lost to each franchise this season is \$30,000 in television revenue, which came in so terribly handy last year in defraying expenses. (The Lakers, for instance, paid \$126,000 last season for travel, hotels and food.) Not present is the biggest new gate attraction in basketball, Ohio State's Jerry Lucas.

The television money was lost because the National Broadcasting Company refused to renew its seven-year-old contract with the NBA after ratings for Saturday afternoon games dipped to 4.8 (or nine million viewers) as compared to the Sunday afternoon National Football League ratings of 10.4 (or 15 million viewers). One big reason why the ratings slipped was simple and silly. By

planning its TV schedule before the season began the NBA planted its three weakest, dullest teams—Chicago, Syracuse and Detroit—in the television garden a total of 14 times. Three of the league's most colorful teams—Boston, Philadelphia and St. Louis—appeared only seven times.

Lucas is not performing in the NBA because he steadfastly refused to play for the Cincinnati Royals, who own territorial rights to him. Tom Grace, the executive vice-president of the Royals, will not yield those rights so that other clubs can negotiate with Lucas. Not getting Lucas will cost the NBA untold attendance money this season.

Thus the West Coast—where big league baseball found the heartening gold glitter of financial success—may well provide the salvation of the troubled NBA. What has happened in Los Angeles looks good. The Lakers have captured the city's imagination with a zestful, versatile team that performs with collegiate verve, instead of the tall, tired look of too many pro clubs. There is Baylor, who averaged 38.2 points per game last year and was lost for half the season by being called into the Army. He has power, fine finger-tip control and a perfect knowledge of how to spin a basketball off the backboards. He twists and turns in mid-air and, although only 6 feet 5, constantly exerts that precious second effort that enables him to out-rebound many of the league's taller men. And there is West, who brings to the basketball court the shiny, clean look that girls always expected, but never quite saw, in the boy next door.

Consequently, the Lakers already have sold \$283,000 worth of \$5 seats for the season. It is no longer possible to buy a season ticket in a prime location—all 1,700 of them are gone. The management of the Los Angeles Sports Arena, duly impressed with the popularity of a tenant that it viewed without enthusiasm just two years ago, has cleared prime Saturday night dates so the Lakers can have them. On six of these the home team will play the Coast's new entry in the western march of basketball, the San Francisco Warriors. The games could well be 14,871-seat sellouts.

The Laker team was shifted from Minneapolis to Los Angeles in July of 1960 because it was \$250,000 in debt and was cultivating about as much Minnesota excitement as a YWCA canasta tournament. Owner Robert Shore had had his fill of losing campaigns while

running for Congress as a Democrat and boosting Estes Kefauver in 1956. He had also made a tidy amount in the trucking business and saw no reason to donate it all to the NBA. Or, as he puts it, rather more discreetly, "I felt it was expedient and convenient to take a flyer in what everyone said was the sports capital of the world rather than staying



BRAWNY BAYLOR, back from the Army, is Lakers' highest scorer and top rebounder.

in Minneapolis where we had mediocre artistic achievement [144 wins and 219 defeats from 1955-59] and anything but financial success."

Short ordered his general manager, 62-year-old Lou Mohs, out to Los Angeles to begin building a franchise. "I'll never forget leaving for the West," says Mohs. "It was a hot day and when I jumped into my maroon Buick I had no team, no coach and only one player, Elgin Baylor, under contract. I knew that the basketball Dodgers had found immediate success in Los Angeles, but I didn't know how basketball would be accepted."

continued



LAKERS' LOU MOHS WENT WEST WITH TOUGH INSTRUCTIONS AND LITTLE MONEY

PRO BASKETBALL continued

After all, the high school championships were played as early as January, just to get them out of the way. No one seemed to care a hoot about them; why should they love us?

"When I arrived, the Los Angeles Chargers of the new American Football League were promoting like the devil. They were spending money left and right. Now Bob Short had given me three specific instructions: 'Go out there and don't let me hear from you; if you have any money left send it back to me; if you need any money forget where you came from.' So I couldn't very well spend us into prosperity. In the first 10 days I drew up a mailing list of potential season-ticket buyers. Then I sent them a mimeographed order blank. It didn't look too good, but we were so

poor we didn't even have any office furniture. The Los Angeles Sports Arena let us borrow chairs to sit down on. Luckily, we got season-ticket orders totaling \$150,000. If that money hadn't come in we would have been through."

On the night of October 24, 1960 the Lakers opened their season against the New York Knicks. Only 4,008 people showed up and, to make things worse, the Lakers promptly lost. The next evening the Knicks were again the opponents and 3,100 went to the game. But this time the Lakers won.

This started a long season of good promotion—and good team building. The Lakers finished a surprising second in the Western Division, then beat the Detroit Pistons in the first round of the playoffs before carrying St. Louis to a seventh game in the semifinal playoffs, which they lost by only two points.

The reason for the good basketball was Frederick Appleton Schaus, who seemed bent on peopling both his basketball court and the sidewalks of Wilshire Boulevard with the population of the state of West Virginia. Schaus had left an excellent record (146-37 with six Southern Conference championships in six seasons) and a couple of country fair ballplayers behind when Mohs got him to give up coaching at the University of West Virginia and bring his collegiate techniques to the pros. Jerry West, LA's first draft choice, joined him that fall from West Virginia and Hot Rod Hundley, whom Schaus had developed into an All-America in college, was happy to be reunited with his old coach after three rather desperate seasons in Minneapolis.

Schaus was big enough (6 feet 5) and respected enough (a former NBA All-Star with Fort Wayne) to get out on the court and show his team what he wanted.

He also injected some of his old West Virginia flair for crowd pleasing into the Laker franchise. He made sure that they were the best-dressed and the neatest-looking team, both on and off the court. (He didn't, however, have them shave their armpits, a fastidious move he undertook at West Virginia.)

His West Virginia teams were among the most colorful in the history of college basketball. They would warm up with a ball painted gold and blue. Their flashy guard of that era, Hundley, would stand in the center of the foul circle twirling the dazzling ball on his index finger or whipping passes through his legs as the team ran patterns around him. To give his 1959 Mountaineers an extra feeling of exaltation Schaus convinced the Wunda Weave carpet company that it should make a rug 90 feet long and 40 inches wide with West Virginia spelled out in big block letters. The rug arrived at Morgantown and Schaus kept it a close secret. As his team left the dressing room he had janitors unroll the rug down the middle of the court and under the basket. When Jerry West dribbled over the rug and dunked the ball the crowd roared. This was Schaus's way of opening West Virginia's 1959 season.

West had no rug and not many cheers as he, Schaus and the Lakers opened that 1960 season at L.A. "In his first year in the league," says Bob Cousy of the Celtics, "West allowed players who weren't half as good to push him around. He wouldn't force a scoring opportunity even if he thought he could get away

with it. He'd pass off. Now his confidence is up 100%. West has size, speed, stamina, reach, hands, a shooter's eye and great defensive ability. There isn't much more anyone can have."

"When Jerry first came," says Schaus, "he had some trouble making the transition from college ball to the pros. By the end of the season he had learned and learned and learned. Let me tell you what kind of desire he has. In December of 1959 we were playing in the Kentucky Invitational tournament. Near the end of the first half Jerry went up for a rebound and an elbow caught him in the nose. You could tell right away that it was broken. There was blood all over the place. West had his nose banded and insisted on playing the second half. He scored 19 more points and we won."

Last winter, when Baylor was called into the Army, the Lakers were in trouble. No club can truly lose a Baylor, but West stepped forward and played surprising basketball as the Lakers fought to retain their Western Division's lead. West had previously appeared afraid to cut to his left, and the pro defenders had taken advantage of this. Now, possibly because he knew he had to lead the team in Baylor's absence, West began making all the moves he had in college—and more. In the first eight games that Baylor was away West lifted his scoring average from 28.3 to 38 points per game. "I knew that the guys would be expecting me to get the key buckets," says West. "I found myself bearing down a little more, and driving more."

"When we lost Baylor," says Schaus, "we had to rebuild our offense around our guards, West and Frank Selvy, and they both came through. In fact the whole rest of the ball club put out 18 to 20% more. I felt that Jerry was ready for that. In his rookie year I only played him about 30 of the 48 minutes early in the season. I wanted to bring him along slowly, because these pros can discourage a young fellow pretty quickly." Schaus's plan worked, and the Lakers now have one of the most formidable one-two punches in NBA memory.

This year Fred Schaus is working hard on two more rookies, and they will not be discouraged either. One is LeRoy Ellis of St. John's, the other is Gene Wiley of Wichita. They will be used as centers and both can jump exceptionally well. The Lakers acquired both in last spring's player draft and, unlike many

other teams, the Lakers began to coach their newcomers immediately.

In June, Wiley and Ellis went to the Lakers' rookie camp along with 12 others trying to make the club. "We would work them in the afternoon," says Schaus, "and see how they did against one another. Then in the evening we'd play them against our regulars."

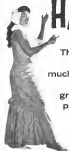
"We could do this because most of the team lives out in Los Angeles now. The players came to me early this summer and said, 'We'd like to work out together at least one night a week just so we don't get stale.' That is a type of spirit that normally doesn't exist in pro basketball, but we have it. The team knows that they have a long-term thing out here. They realize that it is a profession. That's the way it has to be. Last year we lost the championship to the Boston Celtics in the last 15 seconds. This year they just won Boston bad."

This camaraderie of the Los Angeles Lakers is omnipresent. It can be seen, for example, when West, Baylor, Hundley and Center Jim Krebs sit down to their constant bridge game. Baylor has a well-known nervous twitch in his neck, and Hundley irreverently accuses him of using the twitch as a way of looking at Hundley's hand. Krebs and West think this is a very funny running gag—but the point is that Baylor does, too.

Perhaps the spirit of the Lakers was best exemplified recently on a night the club had an exhibition game against the San Francisco Warriors. The team was in San Luis Obispo, Calif. and Mohs took a bus from Los Angeles to get the players and return them to the city for a day off. Mohs invited the wives of the players to go along. (Naturally, Mrs. West, Mrs. Baylor, Mrs. Hundley and Mrs. Krebs jumped aboard and began playing bridge.) The Lakers beat the Warriors, but did not look up to their normal excellence in doing so.

The bus ride back was a 4½-hour thing through fog and rain. Schaus knew that the club didn't feel proud of itself. He fed them at the best restaurant he could find, but it didn't help much. About an hour outside of Los Angeles a rest stop was asked for. It was 4 a.m. and drizzling. Players and wives got out of the bus and gathered around a soda-dispensing machine. They looked tired and their long legs were stiff. Their clothes were a mess of wrinkles. "Men," said Hot Rod Hundley, "even when we look as bad as we do right in this here night we still got the look of champions."

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THE STARS ARE READY

No teams in professional sport are more dependent on their best individual performers than those in the NBA. As the new basketball season begins the hopes of every team—which are analyzed here—rest substantially on the club's representative in the elite group above. At rear (left to right) are Elgin Baylor, Wilt Chamberlain, Bill Russell, Bob Pettit and Oscar Robertson. In front are Dolph Schayes, Walt Bellamy, Richie Gunter and Bob Pettit.

The West—LOS ANGELES LAKERS

Easy winners in the West last season, the Lakers have strengthened themselves to a point where Coach Fred Schaus believes he now has so much versatility with 10 men he won't even carry the 12, although permitted to by league rules. The Lakers were pleasantly surprised when the two players they wanted in the college draft, Gene Wilkey from Wichita and LaRoy Ellis from St. Johns, were passed up by other clubs. Wilkey, at 6 foot 10, is not a scorer, but the Lakers thought he could contain the league's other big men. He has looked superb on defense so far. Ellis can score, and has a cheery exuberance to match his quickness; he now seems to be able to get the ball and hold on to it. The Lakers came within inches of winning the NBA championship without an adequate center last year. They appear to have corrected the

The best in the whole NBA

weakness. Elgin Baylor, the league's best all-round player, is free of the Army once again, and can join scoring sidekick Jerry West full time, a prospect that horrifies fans. West, normally a guard, may get some action as a corner man, because two other guards, Frank Selvy and Hot Rod Hundley, have looked very sharp in exhibition games. There is also the competent Rudy LaRusso, who has proved he is a steady corner man. The Lakers have the offense, the defense and the youth not only to win the Western Division almost as they please but to construct the next dynasty in professional basketball.

LEADING SCORERS*	
Elgin Baylor	38.2
Jerry West	30.8
Rudy LaRusso	17.1
LEADING REBOUNDERS*	
Elgin Baylor	18.5
Rudy LaRusso	10.1
Jim Krebs	7.9

*Per game averages

SAN FRANCISCO WARRIORS *New town, but no help for Wilt*

When a ball club is assured of 50 primes in every game from one man it is bound to win more than a few. The Warriors, newly moved to the West, have such a fellow in Wilt Chamberlain, but they don't have much else. Wilt probably will improve on his 50-point average this year and still get his 25 rebounds, presuming he finds he can get along with Bob Feerick as well as he seemed to with Frank McGuire last year and doesn't go into a case of the Stills. Feerick, meanwhile, has not only had to abandon the tight defensive game he taught his college teams at Santa Clara, but finds himself coaching a squad that was plunged into a tough exhibition schedule with hardly so much as a single practice session. The exhibition games did two things. They proved what nobody guessed about Rookie

Hubie White from Villanova—that he just won't do, so Guy Rodgers, Al Attles and Tom Gola are the backcourt's only game and not one of them has an acceptable outside shot, and they showed that Wayne Hightower, now in the NBA after a year of barnstorming in Spain, will need some time to become a suitable starting forward. Meanwhile, second-year man Tom Meschery—the best youngster on the squad and its strongest corner man—broke his wrist and will be sidelined about a month. Consequently, even more than last year, the Warriors are a one-man team. Wilt will win some, but he can't beat LA alone.

LEADING SCORERS	
Wilt Chamberlain	50.4
Paul Arizin	21.9
Tom Meschery	12.1

LEADING REBOUNDERS	
Wilt Chamberlain	25.6
Tom Gola	9.7
Tom Meschery	9.1

CHICAGO ZEPHYRS *A freshening breeze, and maybe a gale*

The one-year-old Chicago Packers have a new name (Zephyrs), a new coach (tough Jack McMahon), a new general manager (baseball trader Frank Lane), only two players left from the ill-sorted group that started last season, high hopes and one big problem. The problem is 6-foot-9 Bill (The Hill) McGill, the Zephyrs' first draft choice. McGill came out of Utah as one of the sharpest shots in college history. But the pros don't give him the split second he seems to need to get set, and he is a disappointment to date. The Zephyrs' second draft choice, Terry Dischinger, will only play on weekends until he completes his master's degree at Purdue in January. In the meantime, All-America Dischinger is practicing patterns and moves prescribed for him by McMahon. One of Chicago's big faults last

season was that it didn't shoot enough and McMahon is trying to eliminate that weakness. John Cox, who played in the ABL last season, is a good outside shot at guard and Woody Sauldsberry comes from St. Louis with five years of pro experience; both should help. The big man, however, is still Walt Bellamy, who last season averaged 31.6 per game, shot .513, was the league's third best rebounder and its rookie of the year. Last year the Packers lost \$250,000. To meet their budget of \$380,000 they must average 4,200 fans a night. This club might draw them, especially in the second half of the season. It is a pretty no more

LEADING SCORERS	
Walt Bellamy	31.6
Bob Leonard	16.1
Andy Johnson	14.3

LEADING REBOUNDERS	
Walt Bellamy	18.9
Woody Sauldsberry	8.5
Charlie Tyra	7.8

DETROIT PISTONS *Kicked by an absent Shue*

"I don't know what we'll do without Gene Shue," says Coach Dick McGuire. "I never would have made the trade." All of which indicates McGuire's future may be limited, and his team's, too. The loss of Shue at guard (via a trade to the Knicks after he fell into disfavor with Pistons Owner Fred Zollner) leaves Detroit with a backcourt of gunners and dribblers. Best of the mucketeers is Don Ohl, who may be joined as a starter by Rookie Kevin Loughery of St. John's. As center, sometimes clumsy and always inconsistent Walter Dukes will get help from sometimes clumsy and always inconsistent Darnell Lintford, who came in the Shue trade. This leaves it all up to the forwards. Fortunately, as a group they are among the league's best, Bailey Howell and Ray Scott are two experienced starters and the drafting of a home-

town rookie, Dave DeBusschere, may push Detroit into a three-forward offense. McGuire says the era of the big center is going out, unless the center is a Chamberlain or Russell. The trend is to three forwards instead of a pivot man, he claims, but his voice sounds wistful. DeBusschere shoots well and would fit into such an offense, but he must learn to drive for the basket. His rebounding must also improve if there is no big pivot man. "We don't have a real star," says McGuire. "We have a good, well-balanced team, but when you need that big play in the fourth quarter, balance won't get it for you. Elgin Baylor will."

LEADING SCORERS	
Bailey Howell	18.9
Don Ohl	17.0
Bob Ferry	13.8

LEADING REBOUNDERS	
Bailey Howell	12.6
Ray Scott	11.5
Walter Dukes	10.4

ST. LOUIS HAWKS *Trouble right here in River City*

As usual there is a new catch in St. Louis to greet a new season. This time it is Harry Gallatin and Harry is going to be in for some blue evenings. The return of Len Wilkins from the service will help the Hawks in the backcourt but, as Gallatin says, "Our greatest need is for a quarterback—a guard who can size up the situation and call the play. I hope that Wilkins can take over this job, but in the past he has showed a reluctance to do so." If Wilkins doesn't, the Hawks will have to hope that Nick Minetti, formerly of the ABL, or Rookie Bob Duffy will. Up front St. Louis still has hard-working Bob Pettit, a good scorer and a fine rebounder. Cliff Hagan can score too, but his lack of height (6 foot 4) is a liability. And the Hawks' three Untouchables are now only two. Clyde Lovellette is gone. Injured last

season, he reported even slower this fall. The Hawks had seriously hoped he would regain his old form, and has less hope. Replacements Phil Jordan and Charlie Tyra will be of little help, so the Hawks' top-draft pick, Zelmo Beaty of Prairie View, must come through. He is fast, but he is at least a year away from being of genuine assistance. St. Louis is hoping that the ABL folds swiftly so that they can acquire Bill Bridges and Gene Tormohlen from Kansas City. If it doesn't, Hawk owner and master promoter Ben Kerner better depend on jazz bands and dancing girls to please his customers. His team isn't likely to

LEADING SCORERS	
Bob Pettit	31.1
Cliff Hagan	22.9
Barney Cable	10.9

LEADING REBOUNDERS	
Bob Pettit	18.6
Barney Cable	8.4
Cliff Hagan	6.9

CONTINUED

The East — BOSTON CELTICS *They go on and on and . . .*

Massachusetts has the Kennedys and the Celtics, and it doesn't look like there is ever going to be a loser in the lot. The Celts won their fourth straight Eastern Division Championship last year without breaking into an honest sweat. Over the past two seasons they have beaten their present foes in the East—the Royals, Knicks and Nats—52 times while losing only 16, and this year the team is as strong as ever. Bob Cousy, playing his 13th and last season, is cowering like a college freshman. He won't see as much action as a year ago, but he is still the man who can control the ball in the tight spots. Tom Sanders and Tom Heinsohn are sound scorers and rebounders, and Coach Red Auerbach, who issues his commands from behind a screen of dense cigar smoke, may have succeeded in convincing Heinsohn to stop

smoking in order to stay in better shape. The Jones boys, Sam and K.C., are fast and deft as ever. Injury-prone Frank Ramsey is already limping with a sore heel, but an aching Ramsey is better than many guards. Looking for the least chance to break into the lineup is one of the NBA's best rookies, Ohio State's 6-foot-5 rugged All-American, John Havlicek. The Celtics' lone weakness is too much dependence on their great center Bill Russell. Clyde Lovellette has been acquired from St. Louis to aid Russell, but if anything should happen to Bill, the Celtics are in trouble. If Russell stays healthy, it's five in a row for Boston.

LEADING SCORERS	
Tom Heinsohn	22.3
Bill Russell	18.9
Sam Jones	18.2
LEADING REBOUNDERS	
Bill Russell	28.8
Tom Sanders	9.5
Tom Heinsohn	9.5

NEW YORK KNICKS *Good reason to hope, at long last*

For the first time in recent memory there may be a professional basketball team in New York. The Knicks, who have not had many happy winters, have had a very encouraging summer. They got an excellent guard, Gene Shue, from Detroit for Darrall Imhoff and \$20,000, neither of which the Knick management will miss. Shue can move a ball club, can shoot, and gives the backcourt better ball handling than it had all last season. Coach Eddie Donovan also has some new help around the backboards, with baseball pitcher Gene Conley and Ken Sears both back in the NBA after a year in the ABL. Donovan is just the type of coach to spur on the often diffident Sears, something that his predecessors couldn't do. Conley, although not much of a scorer, is excellent under both boards. Rookie Paul Hogue

(from the University of Cincinnati) is also going to be able to adapt himself underneath. His speed is barely adequate, but he is strong and he scores well from close in. He may be the center the Knicks have long lacked, though he will need a season to get used to the NBA. Guard Roddie Guerin and Forward Willie Naulls, who were the sixth and seventh scorers in the league last season, should be even better because they now have help. Backing up the starters are USC's agile John Rudometkin and Dennis Butcher, a seasoned NBL player. This is the NBA's most improved team, but it had a lot of improving to do.

LEADING SCORERS	
Roddie Guerin	29.5
Willie Naulls	25.0
John Green	16.1
LEADING REBOUNDERS	
John Green	13.2
Willie Naulls	11.5
Roddie Guerin	6.4

SYRACUSE NATIONALS *The team with a forward look*

Getting one good player a year out of the NBA draft is considered a major achievement, which makes it all the more startling that Syracuse seems to have come up with three. Hulking Len Chappell (from Wake Forest) combines just enough speed with mounds of muscle and a good shot to be a help at forward. For reasons they are already regretting, no team picked 6-foot-7, Jaguar-fast Corner Man Chet Walker (from Bradley) in the first round of the draft. Finally there is third draft choice Porter Meriwether (from Tennessee A&I). With Hal Greer and Larry Costello, Syracuse needs guards like the Yankees need a center-fielder, but Meriwether moves so well the team may end up carrying five backcourt men just to keep him. Greer is starting the season with a severe charley horse and a calcium deposit in a

thigh muscle, but he looks as fast as ever. A more serious ache is the one in the knee of that alltime, all-pro Delph Schayes. He very much wants one big year before retiring, and the Nats need it from him. This would help offset the problems at center where Johnny Kerr offers more teamwork than scoring punch. Chappell will be used occasionally at center—but only out of dire necessity—and Syracuse may eventually join Detroit in trying to work out an offense using three forwards and no pivot man. With the rookies and Delph, they have the corner men to do it—and Syracuse has its best prospects in some time.

LEADING SCORERS	
Hal Greer	22.8
Dave Gambee	16.7
John Kerr	16.3
LEADING REBOUNDERS	
John Kerr	14.9
Joe Roberts	7.9
Dave Gambee	7.5

CINCINNATI ROYALS *Lots of running, but mostly down*

There isn't a faster team around than Cincinnati, but it is running on a treadmill. Last season Oscar Robertson was again one of the NBA's superstars, the club finished second in the Western Division and it lost \$18,198 at the gate. This season it failed to sign top draft choice Jerry Lucas, brought in no apparent help for its starters and can hardly hope to be better than last year. Robertson led the league last season in assists, was third in scoring and led his team in rebounding. Coach Charley Wolf can obviously ask no more from Oscar. Jack Twyman, the hot shooting forward who was bothered by injury and illness, may improve his 22.9 average slightly. Wayne Embrey is learning to throw his 250 pounds around at center, and Arlen Beckhorn seems to be shooting better. But these are small pluses, compared to what

6-foot-8 Bob Boozer must learn to contribute at the other forward, where he is still having trouble blocking out under the backboards. His lack of aggressiveness got him fined \$50 during the playoffs last year and Wolf is hoping the lesson has been remembered, but Boozer may never learn to use his height. Rebounding was so bad last year that Robertson had to be moved to forward on defense in some games, where he took a severe physical pounding. Cincinnati's best rookie, 6-foot-8 Bud Olson, may help the defense, but the Royals will have to win with their running, or else not win at all.

END

LEADING SCORERS	
Oscar Robertson	30.8
Jack Twyman	22.9
Wayne Embrey	19.8
LEADING REBOUNDERS	
Oscar Robertson	12.4
Wayne Embrey	12.0
Bob Boozer	10.1



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There is no need for panic in a fairway trap



Drawing by Franz A. Gaudes

Before hitting a long explosion from a trap the feet should be thoroughly dug in, especially along the masep. The club face is opened fairly wide (as shown in the red area) before the backswing starts.

You have driven into a fairway sand trap and are not only some distance from the green, but also have a poor lie. What can be done? Well, first, stay calm, for you have not necessarily lost a stroke. Assume that you are a seven-iron distance from the green, but the difficult lie indicates that it would be impossible to reach it with that club. Provided the lip of the trap will not interfere, use a five-iron and hit what amounts to a long explosion shot. Play the ball in its normal position between the feet, making sure you have a good firm stance in the sand so that you will not slip during the swing. Open the face of the club and take it back slightly to the outside, using a full backswing. Aim toward the left of the target, because you will be hitting a fading shot, and hit just as close behind the ball as the sand will permit. Hit hard with the right hand, but do not let the wrists turn over at or just after impact. A five-iron explosion hit in this fashion is going to carry approximately as far as a normal seven- or eight-iron shot.

This shot can be played with all the iron clubs, of course, just as long as you remember to use a club two numbers lower than you would normally hit. What's more, you can also get surprisingly good results, provided you are far enough from the green, by hitting the shot with a four-wood. The four-wood has a lot of club-head weight and passes easily through sand. Employ the same backswing and the same cutting action I have described above, with the right hand controlling the club as it hits the ball. Your friends may think you have lost your mind, walking into a sand trap with a wood, but the shot is not nearly as difficult as it seems.

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The old dowager gets her face lifted

An energetic young ex-rider is changing the décor, eliminating the dowdiness and generally jazzing up the tempo of New York's National

New York's National Horse Show, the country's oldest indoor event, is generally accorded the respect due great age, even though a certain hardening of the arteries has long been apparent. Some of its classes have been continued despite a marked lack of public or participant interest. It has made only the feeblest attempts to attract new fans, and the regulars have been so shabbily treated by a slow, draggy schedule that many drifted away. One critic has suggested that if the committee members had more starch in their backbones and less in their shirts, the show would benefit greatly.



TRADITION BREAKER Jim Thomas has attracted some first-rate talent from Europe as part of his Garden debut.

This year, happily, there will be new pep in the old affair, thanks to the efforts of James A. Thomas Jr., youngest president in the National's history and once a double winner in the show's equitation class. Thomas, a 38-year-old lawyer, is putting so much zip in the show, which opens Oct. 30, that it may well become a financial as well as an artistic success.

There will be some nontraditional features in the ring, innovations for the National, anyway. Cowgirl barrel racing and pony roadsters are the most surprising, but the most significant involve the

pacing and scheduling of events. Thomas has vowed that spectators at evening performances will see the full program and still get home at a respectable hour. Countless thousands who have become bored-stiff and sitting-still in the past will be grateful if Thomas is right. He plans to send a note on this to all boxholders, implying that if they linger over after-dinner drinks, they will miss the best events of the evening.

Thomas has also attacked Madison Square Garden's utilitarian but unimpressive lobby, cluttered during the show by food, drink and other concessions that contributed a sleazy, midway atmosphere not helpful to the National's dignity or bank balance. Those concessions have been banished to less prominent areas of the Garden by Thomas' designer, Jack Foley, whose normal

continued



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Pistol Pete Meets Preacher Pilot

Deep in the heart of Texas' Panhandle, two of the best runners in the U.S. renewed their year-old battle for the national college rushing title

Pistol Pete Pedro and Preacher Pilot met last Saturday night in Canyon, Texas, and if that doesn't mean anything special to you, you don't live in the Texas Panhandle or the Rio Grande Valley of New Mexico. Preacher Pilot is a halfback at New Mexico State University and last year, as a sophomore, he gained more yards rushing than any other back in the country—including All-Americans Ernie Davis, Jimmy Sexton and Bob Ferguson—and he also scored the most points. Pistol Pete Pedro is a halfback at West Texas State and last year, as a sophomore, he gained more yards and scored more points than anybody in the country except Preacher Pilot.

Last Saturday night Pistol Pete and the Preacher attracted the largest crowd ever to watch a college football game in the lightly populated Panhandle. The crowd came partly because the home team, West Texas, was undefeated and untied, and partly because New Mexico is a longtime love-to-hate-you rival. But mostly the people came to see Pedro and Pilot. When the two met a year ago West Texas won 35-22, and the Pistol and the Preacher had more or less of a draw in their personal duel, each scoring two touchdowns. Over the season Pistol Pete had a little the better of it in praise and publicity, but the Preacher came on strong in his last game to lock up both the rushing and scoring titles. In that game, against Hardin-Simmons, he carried the ball 40 times, gained 319 yards, scored three touchdowns, and six times carried the ball and scored on two-point tries for extra points. Preacher thus won the rushing championship handily and edged out Pistol Pete in scoring by six points.

Preacher Pilot's first name is James. The nickname was given to him by his kindergarten when he was a small boy in Kingsville, Texas, near Corpus Christi, and it has stayed with him. He was one of the first Negroes ever to play for Kingsville High School, and he led the team all the way to the finals of the state championship before it lost out. He was besieged with football scholarship offers, nearly 50 in all, and he finally chose

Kansas. He played on the Kansas freshman team, joined a fraternity (that numbered among its brothers Wilt (The Stilt) Chamberlain and had trouble with his grades).

"I finally left," Preacher said, "and went back home to Kingsville. My high school coach was disappointed in me, but he called Coach Woodson at New Mexico State. Coach Woodson was good to me. He arranged for me to go there." Pilot is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 195 pounds, just about the size of Mickey Mantle. He has the same trim, blocky build that Mantle has and possibly as much speed. He was clocked at 9.8 in the 100-yard dash in high school. He has a deep resonant voice, a fine, sharp wit and extraordinary poise. He hopes to play pro football.

Pistol Pete Pedro's real name is Peter Charles Pedro. Despite his nickname, Pistol Pete is no son of a gun. He was born in Cambridge, Mass., the son of Puerto Rican parents, and he grew up in Lynn, just north of Boston, a few hundred yards from the saltwater of Massachusetts Bay. He likes clams and scallops, and he has a Boston accent.

Pedro is tiny as football players go—5 feet 8 inches tall, 160 pounds—but he is very strong and tremendously fast and he can change direction like a fish. Hank Foldberg, coach at Texas A&M who played end on the memorable Army

teams of the mid-1940s, said last season that Pedro was the best running back he had seen since Glenn Davis. Pedro was a high school star at Lynn Trade School but he was overlooked at football-schoolship time, primarily because Lynn Trade is undistinguished athletically and because football coaches seldom gamble their athletic scholarships on players as small as Pete Pedro. He followed a friend out to Trinidad State Junior College in Colorado but left after one semester and went back home to Lynn for a year. About this time Joe Kerbel had just finished his first year as head coach at West Texas, and he felt that he needed a really speedy back to make his offense go. He asked around and a friend in California told him that he had heard of a pretty fast back at Trinidad Junior College. Kerbel phoned Trinidad, got Pedro's address, phoned Lynn and eventually arranged for Pete to transfer his credits from Trinidad to West Texas.

And so the wanderings of Pedro and Pilot came together in time and place, and the cultural pleasures of the Southwest were immeasurably enriched.

Still good

This year everyone was looking forward to a renewal of the feud. Preacher Pilot, running behind a much weaker New Mexico State team, fell off from his totals of last season, but he was still fourth in the country in yards gained rushing. Pistol Pete Pedro, helped by a West Texas team that swept its first five games, piled up a big lead in rushing yardage and was scoring at a fast rate, although Teammate Jerry Logan, a tall, rangy halfback, took over the national scoring lead.

Then trouble began to peek at things. Pistol Pete twisted an ankle and tore a transverse ligament two weeks before the meeting with Preacher and New Mexico State. He did not play in the West Texas-Arizona State game in Phoenix, which caused an uproar—the people in Arizona had been waiting all year to see Pedro run. Then reports from New Mexico said that Warren Woodson, disgusted with his team's performance—three defeats in five games—was talking about

continued

shaking things up and maybe using sophomore Woody Houston in Preacher Pilot's place in the starting backfield. And in Texas a great drenching Panhandle rain left the football stadium in Canyon as soggy as a dishcloth.

Then the sun came out, and a drying wind blew down across the Panhandle. Pete Pedro took his ankle to the doctor for a treatment, worked out and seemed improved. New Mexico State arrived in town and members of the advance guard hinted that Woodson's demotion of Preacher to the defense was psychological warfare and that it wouldn't last past the second play from scrimmage. An edgy Woodson wanted badly to beat Kerbel. A nervous Kerbel worried about an upset. Delighted spectators crowded the advance ticket windows.

They didn't see a great ball game in Canyon's Buffalo Bowl last Saturday

night, though they did experience an exciting and satisfactory one, since West Texas won, 20-12. Neither did they witness an epic Pedro-Pilot duel, but they did see enough to appreciate all over again the special qualities that draw people to watch these remarkable athletes.

Pistol Pete was used principally as a decoy. Even so, he twice took hand-offs and steeled through the middle of the line with starting, wiggling fury. All the injured Pistol had this night were samples, but they were impressive ones.

Preacher Pilot carried the ball on New Mexico's first play from scrimmage and he carried it 18 times in all. He averaged eight yards a carry on New Mexico State's first scoring drive and bulled across with the touchdown that tied the score at 6-6. Later, in the third period, he showed his tremendous power when New Mexico State, trailing 20-6, fought desperately and successfully to get back in the game. From the 17-yard line he

carried half the West Texas line with him as he forced his way to the 11. He slanted off tackle for six more yards to the five. Then he drove through the line again for five more yards to come within a foot of the goal line. That was his high-water mark. On the play he was hit hard across the back of the neck and ended up semiconscious in the end zone. He got back on his feet and made two unsuccessful charges into the middle of the line and then was taken out of the game, just before a teammate edged the ball over for the last score of the game. Pilot was woozy and his vision was blurred and, though he later asked to go back in the game, Woodson said no. "He couldn't see clearly," Woodson said later. "I didn't think he was right." Pilot's injury—and Woodson's forbearance—quite possibly cost New Mexico State a startling upset, but win or lose, duel or no duel, the Preacher had shown his wares, too.

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. NORTHWESTERN (4-0)
2. WISCONSIN (4-0) 3. NEBRASKA (3-3)

Saturday afternoon began pleasantly enough for 34,376 homecoming celebrants at Ohio Stadium. Halfback Bob Klein's 90-yard return of the opening kickoff and Fullback Dave Finnen's nine-yard plunge put Ohio State ahead of Northwestern 14-0, the romp was on. Unfortunately for State, the Wildcats didn't see it that way. They dug in on defense, turned brilliant sophomore Quarterback Tom Myers loose on offense and pretty soon OSU was in big trouble. Myers' quick passes—he completed 18 of 30 for 177 yards, mostly to Paul Flatley—led Northwestern to two touchdowns (but no extra points) by half time. Myers switched to Ohio State's own ground game in the last period, sent his backs through the line for 62 yards in six plays, the last a one-yard plunge by Steve Murphy. Northwestern won 18-14.

The rest of the Big Ten was orderly. Iowa tried to beat Wisconsin at its passing game and came off second best. Quarterbacks Ron Vander Kelen, who pitched three touchdown passes, and Harold Brandt completed 22 of 34 for 238 yards and the Badgers took their fourth straight, 42-14. Purdue's Ron DeGravo passed for three scores, ran for one himself and the Boilermakers whooped Michigan 37-0, their first win over the Wolf-

verines in 31 years. Illinois, surprisingly tough for Minnesota, finally lost 17-0. While Notre Dame followers shouted "Joe must go," Michigan State's George Sannes made matters even more uncomfortable for Coach Joe Kuhanch, crumpling Irish defenses for 54, 49 and 15 yards as Michigan State trounced Notre Dame 31-7.

"I'd be surprised if we can hold them to two touchdowns and I just don't see how we can score as many as two," said Kansas Coach Jack Mitchell before his team met Oklahoma. He was right. The Sooners broke loose Joe Don Looney for 61 yards on a halfback trap, Monte Deere scored on a three-yard sweep and Oklahoma won 13-7. In other Big Eight games, Nebraska overpowered Kansas State 25-6, Missouri alternated its famed power sweeps with lunges up the middle to beat Oklahoma State 23-6 and Iowa State clobbered Colorado 57-19.

The Mid-American race was heading for a showdown between Ohio and Bowling Green. Ohio won two field goals, one for 52 yards, by Jim McKee to down Miami 12-6; Bowling Green beat Kent State 45-6.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. WASHINGTON (4-0-0)
2. USC (4-0) 3. OREGON (4-0)

Washington's Huskies looked more frustrated than menacing against Stanford,



BACK OF THE WEEK: Quarterback George Mira completed 21 of 31 passes for 288 yards and three scores as Miami beat Maryland. **LINEMAN OF THE WEEK:** Guard Jack Cvercko was in on almost half the tackles as the Northwestern line ambushed Ohio State.

Three times they had to fight off the Indians inside their 10-yard line, and once Stanford got to the one before it gave up the football. But Halfback Nat Whitmyer, subbing for ailing Charlie Mitchell, made life bearable for perfectionist Coach Jim Owens. He ran 10 yards for one touchdown, burst 35 more yards to set up Quarterback Pete Ohler's scoring pass to Jim Siger in the second period as Washington won 14-0. Although Owens was far from ready to admit that Washington is a cinch for the Rose Bowl, at least two exuberant Husky rooters were so convinced. They rushed into Palo Alto, bought several dozen roses and happily doled them out to melancholy Stanford coeds.

They might better have saved their thorns for USC, which is looking better each week. California simply couldn't keep up with Hal Redsole, the 6-foot-5 Trojan end who grabs passes like a pro and runs like a halfback.

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Bedole caught six passes from Quarterback Bill Nelson and Pete Beathard, scored two touchdowns and USC romped over Cal 32-6. Washington State, too, showed off its passing muscles against Indiana. Attacking voraciously in a frantic last quarter, the Cougars scored twice on one-yard plunges by George Reed, then pulled ahead of the Hoosiers 21-15 when slippery End-yard Campbell snared Dale Mathisen's 56-yard pass with only 1:16 left to play.

Air Force had great times planned for the dedication of its new \$3.5 million stadium, but Oregon's swift backs spoiled the day for the Falcons. They breezed to three second-half touchdowns and Oregon won 35-20. Oregon State's Terry Baker and Vern Burke were simply too much for Pacific. With Baker throwing four touchdown passes, three of them to the elusive Burke in the first 24 minutes, State won easily 40-6. After Utah and New Mexico went 7-7 in the first half, Utah's Ray Nagel decided to play his second unit as long as it could last, then throw his well-rested regulars against the wary Lobos. It almost worked. Nagel's fresh monsters threatened three times in the last five minutes, but New Mexico held firm and the game ended in a tie. Now the Lobos need only to beat Brigham Young to take the first Western AC title. Wyoming perked up to trouble Arizona 31-8 while Utah State kept alive Colorado State's long losing streak (now 21 straight) by beating the Rams 21-0.

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. ARMY (4-1)
2. PENN STATE (4-1) 3. PITTS (3-2)

After two losses in four games, Pitt Coach John Michelosen decided to take a calculated risk against favored UCLA. He benched four starting linemen and went back to old-fashioned football—"just grind it out and pick on their sore spots." The Panthers wisely picked on UCLA's vulnerable right side, running Fullback Rick Leeson inside tackle and pricking to swift Halfback Paul Martha outside. It wasn't gaudy football but with a bit of good luck, it was smart enough to upset the Bruins 8-6. After Pitt's touchdown, Leeson lined up to kick the extra point with Quarterback Jim Trafletti holding. But the center snap was high and Trafletti elected to pass. Meanwhile the wide-awake Leeson raced for the end zone, where he caught Trafletti's pass for two points.

Penn State started out as if it were going to run Syracuse straight out of Beaver Stadium. In less than five minutes Roger Kochman raced 32 yards, then took a 72-yard pass from Pete Liske, and State led 14-0. But, suddenly, Syracuse came alive. Sophomore Quarterback Wally Mahle ran eight yards for one touchdown, Halfback Don King sprinted 35 yards for another and Mahle passed 11 yards to End Walt Sweeney to put Syracuse ahead 19-14. However, Penn State refused to game. Liske

LSU over Florida. A more solid defense and Jerry Stovall will see LSU through.

Buke over North Carolina State. Running or passing, versatile Duke has the edge.

Pitt over Navy. Pitt's power offense will prevail over Navy's air game.

Syracuse over Holy Cross. Syracuse, always tough on defense, has learned to score.

Washington over Oregon. But Mel Renfro will give Washington anxious moments.

Oregon State over West Virginia. The Baker-to-Burke combination is hard to beat.

UCLA over Stanford.* Stanford's attack is too skimpy to bother the Bruins.

Northwestern over Notre Dame. Another sad Saturday for the beleaguered Irish.

passed the Lions down to the one and Fullback Dave Hayes rammed over for a 20-19 lead. But State wasn't yet out of the woods. Guard Harrison Roudahl saved the day when he broke through to block Tom Mingo's field goal attempt on the last play.

Army, the Eastern leader, spluttered more frequently than it sparkled against Virginia Tech but still managed to outlast the stubborn Gobblers 20-12. Navy was more adroit in its maneuvers against Boston College. The Middle line outcharged the bigger biggles and sophomore Roger Staubach passed for two touchdowns as Navy won 26-6. Rutgers survived three fumbles and 118 yards in penalties to beat Lehigh 29-13 while Villanova outscored Delaware 22-10.

Dartmouth and Princeton, the best of the Ivies, ventured out among the independents and met with success and disaster. Tom Spangenberg returned an intercepted pass 96 yards as Dartmouth defeated Holy Cross 10-0, but Princeton lost to Colgate 16-15. In league games, Harvard overwhelmed Columbia 36-14; Yale trimmed Cornell 26-8 and Penn held off Brown 18-15.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. ALABAMA (5-0)
2. LSU (5-0-1) 3. MISSISSIPPI (3-2)

All season long, Auburn has performed diligently but without national honor. Saturday, Georgia Tech discovered much to its horror how good the Tigers really are. Halfback Jeremy Burson skinned the Jackets with a 57-yard touchdown sprint on the first offensive play and soon Auburn led 17-0. Billy Lottidge tried desperately to bring Tech back but Auburn's line throttled his runners, its secondary double-teamed Billy Mann, its punter, and the kickers went down, 17-14.

LSU had a close call against hardened Kentucky but managed a win, 7-0, on Jerry Stovall's last-quarter plunge. Alabama limbered up with two field goals in the first

Ohio State over Wisconsin. But only if the Buckeyes can stop Wisconsin's power.

Bowling Green over Miami (Ohio). Miami had its big moment against Purdue.

*Tidy split game.

OTHER GAMES

RAYLOR OVER TEXAS A&M
BOSTON COLLEGE OVER HOUSTON
GASTMOUTH OVER HARVARD
FLORIDA STATE OVER VA. TECH
KENTUCKY OVER GEORGIA
MIAMI OVER AIR FORCE
MINNESOTA OVER MICHAEL
PENN STATE OVER CALIFORNIA
PURDUE OVER IOWA
MARYLAND OVER S. CAROLINA

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS

10 RIGHT, 3 WRONG, 1 TIE
SEASON'S RECORD: 9-3-4

period, then Quarterback Joe Namath scattered Tennessee's leaky pass defense with his pitches and the Crimson Tide won easily 27-7. Mississippi defeated Tulane 21-0, Florida smothered Vanderbilt 42-7, Florida State outscored Georgia 18-0.

Maryland's Tom Brown got the Terps off in front against Miami with a 58-yard opening kickoff return and then the fun began. The lead bounced back and forth until Miami's George Mira, passing superbly, put the Hurricanes ahead to stay, 28-24, with a 22-yard pitch to Bill Spurks.

Duke caught Clemson paying too much attention to its swing end and ran its swift backs through the weakened left tackle hole to whip the Tigers 16-0. North Carolina won its first game, beating South Carolina 19-14 on Junior Edge's last-minute 49-yard pass to Bob Lacey. Virginia cased past Wake Forest 14-12, Mississippi Southern defeated North Carolina State 30-0, West Virginia blew a three-touchdown lead, then recovered to overtake George Washington 27-25 in the final minute.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. TEXAS (5-0)
2. ARKANSAS (4-0) 3. NEW MEXICO (4-1-1)

If Texas, squaring in the hot seat of a No. 1 national ranking, got a stay of execution by squeaking past Arkansas (see page 18), SMU got a reprieve from what was beginning to resemble a life sentence by upsetting Rice 15-7. Before a fumble and Linebacker John Hughes's four interceptions set up their victory, the Mustangs had been winless in eight straight. Another case of Southwest fratricide was contributed by TCU, 20-14 winners over Texas A&M. Only Texas Tech showed fraternal love (and pitiful offense), as Baylor won its first, 28-6.

Seemingly chained to the losing column for eternity, Hardin-Simmons finally found a team it could beat. The Cowboys roped in Trinity, 14-6, after 27 straight losses. **END**

Cairo hears a big Red bang

Near the pyramids, keen-eyed Soviet marksmen swept the world championships despite the sharpshooting of a quiet American

For all America's hallowed tradition of Billy the Kid, Annie Oakley, Bill Cody and Sergeant York, the U.S. rifle team could finish no better than second in the world championships of the International Shooting Union. And it was a straggling second, at that; of the 14 major events—including shooting at simulated running deer and clay pigeons—the Russians took 11, the U.S. won two and Sweden captured one in last week's competition on a luxurious, newly built

range in the shadow of the Great Pyramid of Giza.

The secret of Russian strength was, as usual, intensive training and preparation. It was not until 1952 that Russia entered a major shooting tournament; that was at the Olympics in Helsinki, after years of careful observation and study of championship shooting competitions. They did not win in Helsinki, but they learned enough to take the world championship two years later in

Carnegie, and since then they have lapped up marksmanship prizes and world records like thirsty travelers at a desert water hole.

To head off the Russians this year, the U.S. entered the championships with grim purposefulness. Congress agreed to underwrite the expense of sending a team of 42 competitors, coaches, officials and gunsmiths to Cairo, and for a week before departing the team punctured targets in ear-splitting togetherness at Fort Benning, Ga. The training was not enough, apparently, and Franklin L. Orth, executive vice-president of the National Rifle Association of America, expressed bitter disappointment over the American showing. "Our team, all the way through, seemed capable of doing better," he said.

There were, however, two bright spots for the U.S. The first of these was the world-record triumph of the American skeet shooting team. The second was the phenomenal marksmanship of a skinny, six-foot-tall pre-theology student, Gary Anderson, whose father is a farmer in Axtell, Neb.

Red-haired, blue-eyed, wearing what might be called a spiritual expression, Anderson lost 10 pounds during the competition, won four gold medals (two more than anyone else) and set three world records—in the standing position with the small-bore rifle (376 points), in all three positions with the small-bore rifle (1,157) and in the prone position in the 300-meter free rifle event (395). His fourth gold medal came when he scored the highest total (1,138 points) for the three positions in the 300-meter free rifle event. Anderson's free rifle for this classic event was assembled around a Remington action by U.S. Army technicians, with Anderson carving most of the stock himself. Left-handed and left-eyed, he aims the rifle 25° to the right from the vertical so that he can keep his head nearly upright while sighting.

His shooting position is not the only unique characteristic of the dedicated Anderson, who won a bronze medal at the Pan American Games in 1959 and took a trip to the Olympics in Rome the following year as a reserve. He is even more dedicated to training and even more methodical about his shooting than the Russians. "It's the only way to beat them," he says.

Control, of course, is the most important factor in competitive shooting. Most marksmen will hardly touch a morsel of



LEFT-HANDED GARY ANDERSON, WINNER OF FOUR GOLD MEDALS, SIGHTS ON BULL

food before firing for fear that the process of digestion will zoom up the pulse rate to the point where their accuracy will be affected. Some marksmen even make it a point to refrain from swearing after they make a bad shot, for fear the psychological effect will make the pulse beat faster.

Admittedly fidgety off the firing line, Anderson has schooled himself in self-control so thoroughly—by intense mental effort and daily long-distance runs—that he was able to ignore a nagging sharp pain in his back while sighting targets in Cairo. "You mustn't let anything panic you into firing off quickly to relieve tension," he says. "As long as you hold the gun in the same way you can't go wrong. If you don't, it'll wobble all over the place."

Anderson meticulously changes footwear for every different firing position. While standing he wears ski boots for firm support; for kneeling he changes to street shoes; in the prone position he wears lightweight track shoes with the spikes removed—the most comfortable footgear he can find.

There was, not surprisingly, some hinky-pinky at the shoot on the part of the Russians. One event at the world championship is a competition involving the standard army rifles of the host country. Egypt could not provide the weapons, and Swiss rifles were used for practice purposes. These were distributed to the competing countries well before the event. When the rifles were inspected in Cairo just before the shoot it was discovered that the Russians had broken the rule about modifying them. To reduce vibration they had carved a new bedding into the stocks and padded them with felt. They also had reset the triggers, oil-honing them to increase the crispness of their action.

The doctored rifles were taken from the Russians, who then went on to win the event with regulation rifles. "It must be the vitamin pills they take," murmured a disgruntled American official.

When the shooting was over, the stoical Anderson, now clearly the world's best rifleman, was understandably exhausted. "I feel as if I've been through some terribly violent physical exercise," he said, quite accurately. He was not giving up his shooting, though; he looked forward to returning to Nebraska for some fall duck and pheasant hunting. One can't help but feel sorry for the pheasants and ducks.

END

Junior executive reports one drawback to wearing Society Brand suits.

Waiters tend to bring him the check.

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THE JOYS OF SPORT AT OXFORD

by ALLAN SEAGER

During my first week at Oxford I decided not to go out for any sports in the fall, or Michaelmas, term. My college offered Rugby, soccer, field hockey and something referred to as "the boats." I had never done any of these. They were all outdoor sports, and outdoors was where it was raining. For a fee I could also have joined a team of chaps who trotted informally through the dripping countryside in mild competition with a group from another college. Or I could have subscribed to a beagling club and worn a green coat, stout laced boots and a hemispheric little green velvet cap and legged it over the fields behind the dogs in search of hares and perhaps gotten a furry paw glued to a wooden shield as a trophy to hang in my room. The rain discouraged me, however. I got soggy enough walking to lectures. The fall term seemed a good time to lie up in front of a fire and get a good start on my reading.

I did this. I read heavily, but after three weeks I noticed a nervousness coming over me. And after the fourth week I knew what it was. I had been getting up every half hour to look out of the window. Now, there was nothing to look at out of my window but the college coal pile and beyond it a 15-foot wall topped with broken glass to keep students from climbing in after midnight. I was looking for a girl. I had got used to having dates at home but, after a day or two of scrutiny, I could tell that I was not likely to see one poised like a mountain goat on top of the coal.

I had won a Rhodes scholarship because I was the only man at the state examination who had worn a stiff collar—an Arrow, I believe. I did not wear it to Oxford. Instead I bought shirts with what we used to call boot-legger (tab) collars, a tweed jacket and gray flannel "bags." Not knowing that Americans move differently from the English—looser, *continued*

For January's Boomp Races the Thames often is rather cool, with snowflakes big as goose feathers.





Ronald Searle

somehow—and that you can identify one as far as you can see him, I believed my attire made me indistinguishable from an Old Etonian, and I had peeped at the English girls in the lecture halls, thinking that I had at least an even start with the Englishmen. I was appalled at what I saw.

There are four women's colleges at Oxford. Most of their undergraduates were going to be schoolmistresses and looked it. They wore rugged tweeds full of sticks of heather and twigs of gorse that stunk in the wet weather, and they had big, frightening muscles in their legs from bike riding. A beautiful American girl would, I thought, be glad to make the acquaintance of a compatriot because of her loneliness.

I spotted an American girl in one of my lectures and she was beautiful. By asking around among other Americans I learned her name, which I have forgotten, and her address. I called. A maid let me in and went to fetch her. When she came in I said, "I wonder if you would care to drink some sherry with me this afternoon and bring a friend." I didn't want her friend, but the university had ruled that young women could visit young men's rooms only in pairs.

"I don't think so," she said coldly.

"Too, perhaps?"

"No."

"Ah, milk?"

She walked out.

I didn't know then, as I came to later, that American girls in Oxford don't want to meet Americans; they want to meet Englishmen.

After this rebuff I might have lingered before my fire until spring in a dangerous inertia, dangerous because the elements of English diet are extremely reluctant to move without help after you have ingested them. But I was asked to go on the river. I was flattered to be asked, and I went.

The river is the Thames, but it is mysteriously called the Isis where it flows through Oxford, and the way to it is past the walled garden where Lewis Carroll, himself an admirer of girls—but girls rather younger than those who interested me—wrote *Alice in Wonderland* while he was a don at Christ Church. Then you go down a long alley under tremendous elms and you come to the college barges. They are houseboats, really, and they never go anywhere. They are moored tight to the bank and are used as dressing rooms. They are painted white, highly ornamented with colored moldings, and they made a pretty sight lined up along the riverbank.

The only rowing I had done was to pull a flat-bottomed rowboat over the weed beds of small lakes after bass. I was not the only novice, however, and we all had to put up with two or three days of "we call this an oar" kind of instruction before they let us sit down and try to put our backs into it. The president of the Boat Club, Tom Smith,

was the coach. There was no professional coaching in any sport—there still isn't—except that the varsity cricketers and swimmers had professionals come to look at them occasionally during the season. Tom Smith told me I might make a No. 6, and he gave me politely to know that Six was supposed to move a lot of water. At 12 stone 9 (180½ pounds) I was the biggest man in the boat and, as I found out later, in the college. The English had been children during World War I. They had grown up on rationed food, and I think this is why they were not very big.

At my college we were lucky. We began the season in a proper shell no thicker than a cigar box. I saw an unfortunate youth step right through it into the river because he had not set his foot exactly on the keel when he climbed in. We also had movable seats on little wheels and swivel rowlocks (pronounced "rollocks"). I kept hearing a saying: "English rowing is 10 years behind the times, Cambridge rowing is 20 years behind the times. Oxford rowing is 40 years behind the times."

The varsity boat and those of some of the colleges began training exactly as their forefathers had done when Victoria was a young queen. In the first weeks of the season the varsity eight swung grandly down the river in a craft that resembled the war canoe of some obscure tribe. It was heavy enough for the open sea. It had board seats and the rowlocks were merely two straight pegs you laid the oars between. A month's workouts in this scow certainly preserved tradition, but it also gave a man a set of boils as big as walnuts. A varsity oarsman spent more time on his feet than a cop, and when he sat down he bellowed. With such a fine start, the boils lasted all season even after the varsity shifted to the shell they would use against Cambridge. At my college, Oriel, we avoided all this pain. Daringly unorthodox, we rowed the Jesus style.

This was not blasphemy and we did not kneel in prayer before taking to the water. The Jesus style was developed at Jesus College, Cambridge by a man named Steve Fairbairn. Succinctly put, it was "blade form." This meant that if your oar blade was right, nothing else mattered. Opposed to this was the practice of the varsity, all the other colleges and, I believe, American crews, called body form, which meant that if your body was correctly poised, the blade had to be right.

A body-form crew was coached right down to its fingernails. You were supposed to keep a straight back, to stare perpetually at the fifth or sixth cervical vertebra of the man in front of you and never move your head. A body-form crew is impressive to watch. The muscular decorum makes its members look virtuous and clean-limbed. Perhaps this is its own reward, for a blade-form crew, rowing with backs

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Allan Seager was a member of the University of Michigan championship 200-yard, freestyle relay swimming team in 1927 and 1928. He went to Oxford as a Rhodes scholar in 1931, '32 and '34 and is now professor of English at Michigan. He still swims nearly every day; his best time for 100 yards as an undergraduate was 34.8.



bending comfortably and gauding around at the blades, may look raffish and sloppy but probably is going as fast as the body-form boys.

We trained all the fall into December. It was mostly just rowing. The Thames is a canal with locks all the way to London and, if we were taking a long paddle, say, eight or 10 miles, we had to pass Illey lock when we went one way and Osney lock when we went the other. I can remember sitting in Osney lock one dark afternoon, waiting for it to fill, with ice forming on the oars and flakes of snow as big as goose feathers wetting the back of my skanky little Jaeger shirt, and it was no consolation to remember that the Miller's Wife in *The Canterbury Tales* had probably lived within a furlong.

On short days when we stayed within Illey lock we were coached by Tom Smith riding a bicycle beside us on the towpath. I doubt if we rowed as much as Washington or Yale. There was no other training. Beer was believed strengthening; gin would keep cosmoisms small. No one spoke of cigarettes at all. As green as I was, I didn't know whether I was in shape or not, but it didn't make much difference, because term ended about the middle of December and I took off for six weeks in Paris.

The Bump Races come in two sets, late in January and early in May. They are rowed for six days, Thursday through Saturday and Monday through Wednesday. The colloquial name for the January races is Toggery; the formal one, Torpids; but no one could tell me why. The May races are called Eights, and they are quite social. If you have a girl, you bring her, give her luncheons of hock and lobster mayonnaise and she sits on the top of your barge to watch you

sweat. Toggery is grimmer because January is grimmer.

Bump races are examples of much made of little. The Thames is a small river at Oxford; in fact, I think Ralph Boston could jump over it at a place called the Gut if he took a good run. There were about 25 rowing colleges at Oxford, and each college put two boats in the river, the larger colleges, like Balliol, three, sometimes four, so there were perhaps 60 in all. I doubt if you could row 60 eight-oared shells abreast at Poughkeepsie, and you certainly can't on the Isis, so they start one behind another and chase the one in front.

Small stakes are driven into the bank 60 feet apart. To each stake a rope 60 feet long is fixed. The cox holds the other end and lets the boat drift until it is taut. Each boat has a starter. Five minutes

before time all the starters gather at a little brass cannon in a hayfield to synchronize their stopwatches with a chronometer. Then they come back and stand on the bank beside their boats saying, "Two minutes gone. Three minutes gone," to the yawning oarsmen in the river below. In the last minute they count off the quarters, and finally, "10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, come forward, are you ready?" and "Bang!" goes the little brass cannon. The college bargeman gives you a hell of a shove with a boathook and away you go, the cox howling the beat at about 50 strokes a minute. It is very common to black out completely during the first 30 seconds. As soon as you are under way, the stroke drops to about 40, but not much less, because the course from Illey lock to the top of the barges is only about a mile and a half.

Most of the members of your college are scrambling along the towpath beside you, yelling and shooting off guns. You can't tell whether the boat behind you is gaining, because you are watching Sroke's oar or your own, but if the cox's voice rises to a scream and he starts counting to raise the boat you know you are overtaking the boat ahead. When your bow overlaps his stern, the cox turns the rudder sharply. Bow touches stern. This is the bump.

When you make a bump, the next day your boat starts in the place of the bumped boat. You go up or down each day according to your prowess. The final aim, which may take several years to achieve, is to become Head of the River, the first boat in line.

I came back from Paris not in the best of shape. A wisdom tooth had started aching up. It ached and swelled monotonously. I made my apologies to Tom Smith, and he found another Six. For a week I tried to ignore it, hoping

continued

the swelling would go away. It didn't and I asked the dean to recommend a dentist. I found this man in what I took to be a large bedroom with the bed moved out. The walls were covered with flowered wallpaper, and a chromo of Watts's *Hope* hung on the wall. He sat me down in a chair with four legs. He took a look and, as God is my judge, he prescribed an infusion of camomile and poppyhead—not opium, poppyhead—with which to bathe the afflicted parts. I was not sleeping much and I was smoking about 30 Players a day, but I bathed away conscientiously. It didn't do any good. The swelling went gruesomely on. When I looked as if I were trying to conceal a scarlet peep in my cheek I went back to the dentist and said, "Lance this, will you?" He bumbled and said at last, "I can't. I'm not a dental surgeon." So he took me to a real surgeon, who had his learning son in the office, and there before a blazing coal fire the three together gave me gas and lanced it. Afterward I didn't feel good, but at least I didn't feel like a bomb about to go off.

That night I was sitting in front of my fire, reading and bathing my wound with a little neat whisky when Tom Smith knocked at my door. He said that his No. 6 had just come down with a bad case of flu. Togggers started the next day. Would I care to fill in? It was so casual and the honor of the U.S.A. depended so heavily on it that I said I would be delighted—which was a lie.

On the first day of Togggers I was personally lucky. I had to row only the first six strokes. When the little brass cannon went off, we laid into the first strokes hard. The cox had just shouted, "Sod!" when No. 7 in front of me caught a crab. If you are quick you can sometimes lie flat and let the oar pass over your head. Seven was not quick. He was probably blacked out, and the butt of the oar caught him in the belly and jackknifed him out of the boat. Falling, he broke his own smack off at the rowlock. The boat staggered. There were cries of "Man overboard!" and Dawson-Grove, the cox, was yelling onths like a banshee. I don't believe it is possible to overturn an eight-oared boat, but we nearly made it. In the confusion, Exeter came tearing

into us from behind and sheared off all the oars on the bow side. It was a mess. No. 7 avoided having Exeter's keel bash his head in by cannily staying under water until after the collision; then he swam soggily ashore. Our race was over for that day and I was barely winded.

The next day, with new oars, we caught St. John's on the Green Bank and made a bump. In fact, we made five bumps in all during Togggers. If a boat makes five bumps in Togggers or four in Eights the college is required by custom to stand its members a Bump supper. It is a big jollification in honor of the Boat Club. The manciple (head chef) outdoes himself and provides a really good meal, with fresh soup (I think) and champagne at will. Alumna gather and there are sherry parties. Since many Oxon undergraduates study theology, many of its graduates are parsons, but Church of England clergy are not stuffy. They go to sherry parties, and they don't stand around with a glass in their hands for the look of things, either.

At our Bump supper the hall was in an uproar because of the sherry parties beforehand. Cheers were started but forgotten. Boasting songs were begun, broken off and begun again. A stately portrait of Matthew Arnold, once an Oxon don, hung on the wall. A swaying youth, his boiled shirt coming out in welts from spilled champagne, pegged an orange from the centerpiece clean through Matthew's jaw just at the muttonchop. A bonfire sprang up in the front quad, fed by side tables, chairs and Van Gogh reproductions. The son of a Scottish laird broke into the provost's lodgings, stole all the shoes belonging to that good old man (now knighted for his translations of Aristotle) and hurled them all into the flames.

High above the quad in a third-floor bedroom a man named Antony Henley crouched, waiting for the supper to finish. Tony had collected half the chamber pots in the college (They used them then, and it is no more than even money they use them now.) In a room directly opposite, another man had collected the other half. A rope hung in a curve from one window to the other. At last the dons appeared under the porch of the hall,

chatting only less than boisterously from the champagne. They were in full fig—dinner jackets, long M.A. gowns and mortarboards. They walked down the steps in the wavering light of the bonfire. At that moment a shower of broken crockery fell on their heads. Tony and his friend were sticking the rope ends through the pot handles and letting them slide down the rope two at a time. When they met they broke and fell on the dean, the provost, the bursar, the Goldsmith's reader, a bishop or two and other dignitaries. Big joke. The party went on all night, consuming untold bottles of Pommery and Piper-Heidsieck and much of the movable furniture of the college. At one point, I was told, seven drunken archdeacons danced around the bonfire, a spectacle very likely unmatched since the martyrdom of Ridley and Latimer, who were burned years earlier in Broad Street and from the top of whose Gothic monument the Oxford Alpine Club hangs a chamber pot each year.

The next morning the groans of hang-over were decently stifled by the mists in the quad. The scouts were out with rakes and shovels, cleaning away the empties, the shards of crockery and the ashes of the bonfire strewed with the nails and eyelets of the provost's shoes. Antony Henley was hailed before the dean, presented with a bill for upward of 150 chamber pots and laughingly fined £10. Togggers were over. I have never rowed since nor drunk so much champagne.

I was not, so to speak, an oarsman by trade. I was a swimmer. The rowing I had done, while exhausting and in some ways amusing, merely passed the time until the swimming season opened in the third, or Hilary, term. The trouble was I couldn't find anyplace to "go out" for swimming. There was no varsity pool, I discovered. But I heard somewhere that the swimmers used the Meison Street Baths.

The Baths were in a grubby brick building, built long before with what seemed an ecclesiastical intent, for they had long Gothic windows in front. The pool itself, gently steaming in the cold of the building, was a gloomy tank, trap-

ezoidal in shape, and I learned later that it was 25 yards long on one side and exactly 22½ yards long on the other—which made for some tricky finishes in a race. The bathing master said there hadn't been any gentlemen from the varsity near the place in months. He suggested that I see Mr. Pace in Merton College, the club president.

After I had knocked, Pace opened his door six inches, no more.

"Yes?" he said.

"Mr. Pace?"

"Yes," he said.

"My name is Seager."

"Yes?" he said.

"I wanted to ask you about the swimming."

"Oh. Ah," he said. Then he opened the door. "Do come in."

I went in.

"Seager? Oh, yes. Someone mentioned your name. From the States, aren't you? Michigan? A good club, I believe."

"We were national champions last year."

"Really? Just what did you want to know?"

"When do you start training?"

"Oh, I'll let you know. I'll send you a note round the week before we begin. Will that do?"

It was the Oxford manner again. He was effortlessly making my enthusiasm seem not only come but childishly comic. However, it is just as well to be candid. I was after their records, and I didn't know then that he was Oxford's best sprinter. "I'd like to start now," I said. "I'm not in very good shape."

"I daresay you could use the Baths. Cost you a bob a time until we start meeting."

He waved his hand nonchalantly.

"Cheers," he said, and I left.

It was only later that I learned I had committed a faux pas. I was always finding out things later. You did not "go out" for the varsity. College sports, O.K.—you could turn up whenever you liked. But the varsity was strictly invitational, so much so that in my day the Varsity Boat Club had never used an American oar. There was a faint general resentment of Americans and Colonials taking over Oxford sports. However, I paid my

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OXFORD *continued*

shilling and trundled a slow half mile every day up and down the bath. It was like swimming in church.

In a couple of weeks Pace sent his note round and the season opened. I was astounded. It was not so much that they swam badly—I had more or less expected that from their record times—it was that they worked so little. In fact, they didn't work at all. They swam until they felt tired and quit for the day, refreshed. Where was the old pepper, the old fight? Slowly I began to comprehend the English attitude toward sports, which, unless Dr. Bannister changed it drastically with his great meticulous mile, is this: sports are for fun. If you are good at one or two of them, it is somewhat in the nature of a divine gift. Since the gift is perpetual, it is there every day and you can pull out a performance very near your best any time. With a little practice to loosen the muscles and clear the pipes, you are ready for the severest tests.

I was drinking beer one night in Balliol College with several men, one of them an Olympic runner, a 1,500-meter man. It is rare that a subject so trivial as sports would come up in Balliol, the intellectual center of England, but it came up and eventually came down to the question of how fast could this Olympic man run 1,500 meters at the moment? We all piled into a couple of taxis and drove out to the Oxford Sports Ground, where there was a cinder track. The runner, full of confidence and beer, supplied a stopwatch and a flashlight, and there in his street clothes, in the rain, in the dead of night, this man took off and ran 1,500 meters in just over four minutes. This proved to me that the English were right, but it did not prove to me that I was wrong. I knew I could not swim 100 yards in less than a minute, untrained.

But I stayed untrained. It seemed to be overly zealous to go on chugging up and down after all the other members of



the club had showered, dressed and come to stand at the edge of the bath to watch me as if I were a marine curiosity, like a dugong. I tried it a couple of times and quit. I swam as little as they did, no more. Then there was the problem of entertainment after the matches—they didn't call them meets. There was little university swimming in England, so our competition was usually a town club whose members might be aquatic plumbers and carpenters—not gentlemen, you see. With a splendid condescension, we set out a table loaded with whisky, beer and wine after each match, and we had to drink to make our guests feel at home so that taste differences would be concurred and we could pretend to be all jolly good sportsmen together. After a match, say, in London with the Paddington police, the coppers would set out a table of whisky, beer and wine, and we had to drink to show our appreciation of their hospitality. This drinking was not a detestable chore, but it meant that, with two matches a week, we were getting mildly stoned twice a week just on the way of business. This was not how I had been taught to train, and it came over me suddenly how far morality had invaded sports in the U. S.

I won all my races except one, but the times were shamefully slow and I was chased right down to the wire in all of them. In May, John Pace had the whole club to tea in his rooms. There was an hour of conversation interspersed with tomato and cucumber sandwiches. Then Pace stood up by the chimney piece. "Now, chaps," he began facetiously (I never heard anyone use "chaps" except facetiously). "You know we swim the Tabs two weeks from now." "Tabs" meant Cambridge, from the Latin *Cantabrigia*. "Please smoke only after meals and cut down your beer to a pint a day. And do try to swim every day between now and then."

People clapped and cried, "Hear! Hear!" as if Pace had been in the House of Commons. I gathered we were in hard training from then on. I had not gone under 61 seconds for 100 yards yet, and I had heard that Cambridge had a fancy Dan named Hill who had done 58. I was scared.

continued

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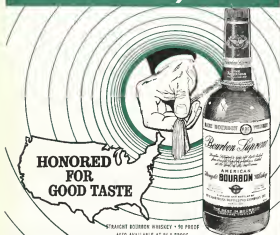
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OXFORD *continued*

Someone said, "This rationing of beer, John. What if we're sconced?"

"Behave yourselves and you won't be," Pace said.

In Oxford dining halls a sconce is a penalty exacted in the spring of the year for some breach of taste or decorum. It is a welcome penalty, eagerly exacted. If you showed up late for dinner or wearing something odd like a turtle-neck sweater or if you said something that could be remotely construed as offensive, you were sconced. Once I said something slightly off color

"We'll have a sconce on you for that," the man next to me said. He wrote my offense in Latin on the back of a memo, "*Senger dixit obscenissime*" and had a waiter take it up to high table to be approved by the dean. It was a formality. The dean always approved sconces. "What will you take it in?" I was asked. In theory you had to drink a silver quart pot of some liquid, bottoms up. In practice you had no choice; customs said old beer. Once I saw a man take it in fresh cow's milk and he never lived it down. It is the sort of thing planters discuss in Kenya and Borneo 20 years later.

The strength of English beer is indicated by the number of Xs on the barrel. Ale is the weakest, one X. Bitter beer is two Xs. Old beer is five Xs, about as strong as sherry. It is never iced, but in college it comes from the cellars and it might as well be. It looks almost coal-black and it is as thick as stout. It is hard but not impossible to drink it all down at one go. If you do, the man who sconced you has to pay for it. If you fail, it is passed around the table like a loving cup. But the minute you set the pot down empty, you're drunk.

The Cambridge match was held at the Bath Club, then on Dover Street, London. It was a posh club. (I like the origin of posh. When people used to tour the Orient from England the most expensive cabins on the P&O boats, those that made the most of the prevailing winds and the least of the sun, were on the port side going and the starboard side returning, so the luggage for those cabins was marked P O S H, that is "port out, starboard home.") We took an afternoon train down to London already



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dressed in white ties, black trousers and our blazers, and with an affectation of gaiety we sauntered up Piccadilly in the early evening and into the Bath Club. I knew I had to fear this Cambridge speedster, Hill, who had done 58 seconds, because I had done only 61 that season. (I had done 61 when I was a long, whey-faced boy of 15 in high school in Tennessee.) My fear was degrading. That's why I was mad; it was a real fear. And I felt that my teammates had begun to wonder when I was going to demonstrate that I didn't fit one of the stock British images of the American: lots of noise and no performance.

I figured I could take Hill in the 50 if I scrambled, but in the 100 I knew I would have to swim and I figured I could swim about 75 yards before I blew up. Since the English started slow and finished fast, I figured I would start fast, get a big lead, frighten him and finish on whatever I had left.

The Bath Club looked like a court levee, the ladies in those English evening gowns, the men in white ties and tail coats, and the Old Blues wore their blazers. Diamonds glittered. I detected dowagers with jorgoons, a colorful throng, posh. The club pool was 25 yards long on both sides, but it was dark at one end. Since you can bump your head into a goose egg or even oblivion if you slam into a turn you can't see, I wet a towel and hung it over the far end in my lane to make a white spot. As I walked back I heard resentful murmurs from the spectators, "He's an Ammeddican," as if what I had done were cunning and illicit.

The 50-yard race went as I had expected. I scrambled, I won in a record time of 25 seconds. I went back to the dressing room to worry about the 100. Hill was a little fleshy fellow whose fat might hide more stamina than I had.

I swam the first two lengths of the 100 in 25 seconds, and after the third length I looked back at Hill. He was 30 feet behind, but I was not encouraged because I could tell I was going to blow up. I blew and finished the last 25 yards with a frantic overhand, dazzled by fatigue, my head

out all the way so I could breathe. But I won by a yard, and they said it was a new record, 57 seconds. My teammates shouted and pounded me on the back as if I had done well. My shabby little victories gave Oxford the match.

The adulation of the English for sports figures is greater than that in this country, possibly because a sound sports record keeps a chap from being too "clever"—which is repugnant (Churchill was too clever by half, right up until the blitz). Let a man die who has not specially distinguished himself as an admiral, a cabinet member or a press lord, and if he has been a Blue, Oxon or Cantab, the obituary will very likely be headed *OUR BLUE'S DEMISE*. That is what is important. A few months after my victories I was having tea with some people at a public tearoom in Oxford.

A man came up to the table, a student, and said to me, "Is this Mr. Seager, the famous swimmer?"

I looked him straight in the eye for maybe three seconds. He seemed to be perfectly serious. "I'm Seager," I answered finally.

"May I shake your hand?" he said.

I shook hands and he went away pleased, apparently. Nobody at my table seemed to think that any of this was strange, and I let my self-esteem expand a little.

It didn't get punctured for two years. I was back in Ann Arbor then and I happened to run into Matt Mann, my former coach.

"Say, I hear you got a couple of English records," he said. Matt was born in Yorkshire, and he had held English records himself.

"Yes," I said. I couldn't look at him.

"What were your times?"

"Twenty-five. Fifty-seven," I mumbled. I had been a bad boy.

"Fifty-seven? Were you dragging something?" he said jovially.

Surprising myself, I said defiantly,

"Matt, it was fun."

And it had been, all of it, the massive courtesy of the swimming policemen, the singing in the pub afterward, the soiree at the Bath Club—not real glory, which means work, but a hell of a lot of fun.

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JERRY C. DAVIS

Falls Church, Va.

Sirs,

The National League pennant winners barely had time to celebrate their pennant victory prior to being thrust into the ensuing World Series contest.

Shouldn't the exhausted San Francisco Giants have been granted at least a day or two to recuperate before engaging a fresh and rested New York team for the world championship?

JIM SOUTHALE

Brownsville, N.Y.

● SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Roy Terrell asked the same question of National League officials and—surprisingly enough—found that neither players nor management had any complaint. When the problem first arose each league decided how it would break a pennant tie: the NL chose a two-of-three-game playoff, the AL a one-game sudden-death decision, which, in a case like this year's Giant-Dodger playoff, would have provided at least one day of rest. However, in 1957 the AL, too, adopted the best-of-three series.—ED.

PRICE TO PAY

Sirs,

Mr. Jack Price's conduct after the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in Paris was, I thought, in very poor taste (*Poor Jack, His Horse Ran Out*, Oct. 15). After fraudulently representing Carry Back as the American champion and predicting a five-length victory he had the nerve to blame Australia's leading rider, Scobie Breasley, for blemishing his horse in 1900. Other owners in other years have kept silent when they had much more cause to complain. Breasley did as well as could be expected, riding the horse for the first time. Mr. Price should either have gotten an

American jockey who knew the horse to ride him, or kept his mouth shut.

JOHN KELLER

Northridge, Calif.

Sirs,

To combat the posse of turf scribes out to hang Scobie Breasley by the heels for his ride of Carry Back in the Arc, let me, as an Australian, say a word in his defense. Breasley is the foremost exponent of the shortest way home—via the rails—and he is a hands rider, often using the whip only in the last few yards when necessary to win by the barest margin—which he does about 150 times a year in England.

Without firsthand knowledge of the Carry Back affair, I may be sticking my neck out, but to one who knows Breasley's ability, Jack Price's caustic criticism leaves a sour taste. It's admitted that there are big differences between American racing and the sport in England, France and Australia. But there is an old maxim that may be worth recalling: a good jockey doesn't really need instructions. There obviously was a misunderstanding between Price and Breasley, but if Scobie had been left to ride the horse in his usual style, I doubt that the job could have been done better—by Sellers. Shoemaker or anyone else you disgruntled Americans would care to name.

ALLAN BARKER

Jamaica, N.Y.

RASPBERRY PIE

Sirs,

A slanted eyebrow for the Gung Ho PROs at West Point for their Chinese Bandits, coolie hats, Oriental rabbit-rousers, etc. (SCORECARD, Oct. 8) Really!

Perhaps they could adopt this mouth-watering yell, used with great success when I was a schoolboy (1920) in Corning, N.Y.:

Strawberry Shortcake! Huckleberry Pie!
VICTORY

Are we in it? Well, I guess.
Coming Free Accident—YES! YES! YES!
HARRY E. BATTIN JR.

Gligmont, N.Y.

Sirs,

United States Army—Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek commanding!

ROBERT SMITH

Brooklyn

Sirs,

The thought occurs that the Ole Miss Rebs could really get fired up if Coach

continued



What do American Airlines' mechanics do in their spare time?

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10TH HOLE

Johnny Vaughn would name his three football teams Kennedy's Kings, Barnett's Battalion and Meredith's Marauders.

VOUNE H. CAMPBELL

Arlington, Va.

LAW OF NATURE

Sirs:

Barbara Heilman's article about the game warden and his work, a vivid memory (*Long Hauls and Low Pies*, Oct. 15). For years I was closely associated with a local game warden, the late J. D. Hopkins, who was without a doubt a dedicated man. He was a small man, and not very strong, but he did an almost unbelievable amount of work. He claimed to have gone no farther than the third grade in school, but we have had him lecture on conservation to our university students and he did as good a job as our regular university professors.

He tried to learn everything there was to know about wild life and he had an uncanny knowledge of human nature. Once a fisherman protested loudly that he had left his license at home. To prove it, he gave the number of the license. Hopkins replied, "Nobody remembers his license number. You come with me."

RAYMOND F. BELLAMY

Tallahassee, Fla.

Sirs:

If I had my way, I'd keep every single law-breaker locked up until he couldn't remember the sounds and beauty of nature.

GARRY MOORE

Troy, N. Y.

SIGNALS OVER

Sirs:

On reading John Underwood's article on Sonny Gibbs and the other outstanding quarterbacks in the country (*Count 'Em* with a *Count* Post, Oct. 15), we were stumped at the absence of one man from this list. How could Mr. Underwood not have included Pat McCarthy of Holy Cross, the All-East quarterback and second in the nation in total offense in 1961?

BOB DIETZ

PAUL COGILAN

Worcester, Mass.

Sirs:

Arkansas' Billy Moore is acclaimed the best quarterback in the Southwest since Doak Walker, and you failed to mention his name.

PORTER RODGERS JR., M.D.

Little Rock, Ark.

Sirs:

The best quarterback in college ball today is without doubt Northwestern's Tom Myers. I have seen him play three times, and he is simply sensational. He runs well, as

continued



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19TH HOLE continued

South Carolina can testify, he is most difficult to catch back of the line, as Illinois can testify, and with 20 of 24 completions in his first game he beat anything Otto Graham did at Northwestern.

W. A. CURRY

Columbus, Neb

Sirs:

Excellent quarterbacks all, but the very best of the crop may well be Ole Miss's Glynn Griffing, already drafted by the New York Giants, who is throwing touchdown passes again for the Rebels just as did his All-America predecessors, Charlie Conerly and Jake Gibbs, on two other championship Mississippi teams.

JENNIE McDOWELL

Trenton, N.J.

CALL OF THE CANARY HIDE

Sirs:

I enjoyed your editorial comment on George Shabaz's letter (19TH HOLE, Oct. 15) concerning the "ol' canary hide" for baseballs. But why not a yellow jacket for golf balls? It would certainly help one to keep his eye on the ball and follow a shot all the way. How much easier to find a lost ball and how much more enjoyable for both player and spectator to follow a shot from tee to green!

WILFRED T. KEARNS

Ozark Park, N.Y.

Sirs:

As the puppy of the "ol' canary hide," I was delighted to see that George Shabaz of Graham, Texas has raised his voice in hopes of a further break with tradition in baseball—for the sake of improving the game.

As you reported, tests did prove that the yellow ball was easier to see, but they could not have been conducted without the help of Ford Frick, then head of the National League. In that position he was interested in anything that would help the game, help the fans enjoy it and help the players play it.

It was through the efforts of MacPhail and Frick that the yellow ball was legalized as an "optional ball" but, as you pointed out, in order to get it used managers had to request it, and they never did.

Why? I suspect the main deterrent was the thought of interference with "tradition."

Since that time traditions have been broken all over both leagues. Ten teams instead of eight helmets to protect batters, increased schedules have all made their way into the game, so now why not the ultimate in a high-visibility ball?

Every time a player is hurt by a pitched or hit ball, every fiddling error, every questionable call by an umpire should be a reminder that an easier-to-see ball would improve the quality of this sport.

FREDERIC H. RAHR

New York City

Sometimes modern college football gives me a feeling of frustration. Sure, I admit that the country is full of backs who can do the hundred in 9.6 and of tackles strong enough to block out a Volkswagen. Today's teams with their regiment-size squads could probably blast the daylights out of those of the 1910s, '20s and '30s.

But to this oldtime fan—and it may be merely a sign of approaching old age—today's heroes don't seem as heroic as the earlier ones: the Granges and Gippes, the Thorpes and Brackleys, the Eagles and Slagies, the McMillans and the Booths. And I think the trouble is the modern players seldom have the identity of the famous older-timers.

Go to a game today and what happens? Halfway through the first period there's a time out, and seven or eight new players—or maybe an entirely new team—swarm onto the field and report, one by one, to the Official in Charge of Keeping Mass Substitutions Honest. To me they resemble nothing as much as a group of returning American tourists on Pier 44, trying to get through customs in a hurry.

It's true that they've got great big legible numbers on their jerseys, and that I first watched football before players displayed such digits. Thus, you can argue that today's players are easier to identify. I cheerfully go along with the proposition that all a modern fan has to do is look at his program to determine that No. 23 is Doakes. And I'm equally willing to grant that modern spectators can read as well as those of an earlier day. Educational standards are constantly rising, aren't they? Or are they?

But let's not get sidetracked. The trouble is that when Doakes comes into the game he is also accompanied by Flanagan, Bikes, Petrucci, Cadwalader, Donewski, Sykes, I. Miller and J. Miller (no relation). It takes a lot of time to run all those numbers down, and by the time the fan is set to find out how Doakes (his favorite) is about to perform he discovers that Doakes has been supplanted by Spillany on a wild-card substitution because it is now fourth down with 11 yards to go, and Spillany is the punting specialist.

Well, my first hero had no number, and if he didn't play the entire game he didn't miss by more than a few minutes. His name was Charley Brackley, and he still stands out as a great dropkicker.

(continued)

Everyone Knew Red When He Wrecked Harvard

Is it just wistful remembrance, or is it really true that men like Red Roberts were more distinctive personalities than today's heroes?

by PARKE CUMMINGS



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Everyone Knew Red

and place-kicker. But the reason Brackley played the entire game—or practically all—was that he was also a powerful running fullback and a savage tackler. Brackley played for Harvard in the first college game I ever saw, Harvard's 15-5 victory over Yale in 1913, and he was as undisputably a hero as a hero can be. Harvard was undefeated that year—it was named national champion, in fact—but there were some who maintained that the team was inclined to be a lazy one. If its attack bogged down in scoring territory it could always call on Charley to come through with a three-pointer and then rely on its strong defense to protect whatever lead it had secured. In this memorable game it did so five times, and all its 15 points were gained by what sports-writers of the time delighted in calling Brackley's educated toe.

I can still see him. His fame as a kicker was already secure. When that burly figure retreated to a safe distance from the scrimmage line and held out his hands for the snap from center, everyone in the Harvard Stadium, including the small boy that I was then, knew unmistakably that the man who stood there, poised and confident, was the Harvard All-America back, Charley Brackley. Then the oval blunt-pointed ball came into his hands, he lowered it and pointed it toward the sod, that famous toe swung forward, the ball arced high and true, and his team had three more points in the bank.

No, Brackley wore no number, but you could tell who he was and where he was. And you could identify other players, too. They stayed in the game long enough so that you got familiar with them. Numbering, I maintain, often defeats its own purpose. Back then you had to make a concentrated effort to identify your hero—by his build, his way of running or walking, some mannerisms, or by his facial expression. And when you once knew him you never forgot him.

Even in Brackley's time helmets were here to stay, but as late as the '20s there were a few nonconformists who had no truck with them, helmets not being mandatory equipment as they are today. Such a one was Halfback Benny Boynton of Williams, and Benny didn't have a huge shock of hair to protect him as did many

of the shaggy players of the 1890s and '90s. In fact, he was on the baldish side, and it was easy to see that gleaming pate when Benny was on the field.

He was a hard and elusive runner and tackler, and on the day I saw him perform he seemed to be in on every play. He needed no number—and no public address system—to make clear his presence on the gridiron. Opposing runners, as well as his own, thrilled to his courage and skill, and there are many fans of that



BRACKLEY RARELY MISSED A FIELD GOAL TRY

era who will tell you that Benny Boynton would have been a first-team All-America if he had played on a big-time college team.

In 1921 Centre College of Kentucky scored its famous 6-0 upset over Harvard to hand the Crimson its first defeat since 1916. It was Bo McMillin who made the celebrated touchdown run, and no one who saw him that day will ever forget it. But somehow another Centre player—James Roberts—stands out more clearly in my memory. He was a big end, appropriately nicknamed Red, and, like Boynton, he felt that a helmet cramped his style.

All afternoon the flaming-haired Roberts stood out like a beacon light as he wrecked Harvard plays and mowed down

prospective tacklers—including those who vainly tried to halt McMillin on that dash to the goal line. His exploits made as much of an impression on All-America selector Walter Camp as they did on the spectators in the Harvard Stadium. Two years previous McMillin had been selected on the first-string All-America team, but in 1921 the colorful Roberts made it where McMillin failed.

But even the conformists who wore helmets were easier to recognize than the armor-plated warriors of today. The old leather helmet left a good portion of the face exposed, but the modern outside contraption protrudes so far that the wearer appears to be peering out of a cave. He is hidden in a black shadow except on those rare instances when the sunlight bats him directly. And now, just to make the fan's task all the harder, we have the protruding face guard. In fact a football buff's only chance to discover whether the hero has a Roman nose, freckles, kind eyes or a jutting jaw is to stay home in front of his television set and hope the camera pans in a Zoomer close-up of him.

In the 1930s helmets had evolved only a little way toward their present Brobdingnagian size but virtually all squads were then numbering their players. However, I can assure you that there was one who could have ripped his number off and presented it to his gut friend, so easy was he to spot on a football field. He was Yale's Albie Booth, affectionately known to the sportswriters and Old Elms as the Mighty Atom or Little Boy Blue. This 144-pounder's midget size made him as much of a standout as did his jackrabbit elusiveness and his fierce will to win.

I saw Booth perform in a number of roles. In his sophomore year against Harvard he had been slightly injured in a previous game and was not in the starting lineup. But, as was so often the case, he was called in when Yale got a scoring opportunity.

I can see that dramatic entrance as though it were yesterday. It was a bitter cold November day and the field had previously been cleared of snow. Yale called for a time out and onto the field came Booth, wrapped in blankets, parka and God knows what else and accompanied by a Yale assistant manager. There then followed what must have been the longest unpeeling act on record as the Yales cheered and the Harvards hooped. Finally Albie stood stripped down to fighting trim—as though everyone in

continued



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Everyone Knew Red *continued*

the place hadn't known who he was before his number was revealed—and the manager trotted off the field with the bedding.

It would be dramatic to relate that Booth then proceeded to score an electrifying touchdown—but it would be contrary to the facts. In one of football's more ironic anticlimaxes he attempted to kick a field goal on his first play and it was blocked. Harvard recovered and marched up the field for what turned out to be the deciding touchdown. Albic was, in a sense, a goat in this game, but he was still to remain in the spotlight.

Receiving the second half kickoff he came within an ace of running through the entire Crimson team, being collared by the last opponent in his path, Lane-man Bill Ticknor, who just managed to grab him by the back of the jersey. The material held, Booth went down, and the threat was ended. And here is another difference between the old and the new game. Had Albic been wearing the modern easy-tear "breakaway" jersey he unquestionably would have scored, Yale would have won the game, and he would have been considered its undisputed hero.

Well, it's likely that the heroes of those days were no more individualistic off the field than today's players, but out there on the turf I still maintain their individuality and identity stood out more clearly. And how about the goalposts, come to think of it? Back in the old days a fan got familiar with his own. He saw them week after week and noted, as the season progressed, that they could stand a new coat of paint. Today, of course, many of them end up as kindling wood. My memories go back to the days of the snake dance when rooters of the winning team serpentine down the field behind their band, marched through the goalposts and tossed their hats over the cross-

bar—often ending with someone else's.

I was in on that change. In 1923, on a quagmire of a field, another memorable Yale hero, Ducky Pond, grabbed a Harvard fumble and sloshed some 70 yards to a touchdown. And Yale's captain, Bill Mallory, managed to kick two miraculous field goals through that raging torrent.

The gloom was thick enough for Harvard rooters, but it became still thicker when the game ended and the joyous

Yale students charged en masse at Harvard's sacred goalposts and started to demolish them. No one on the Harvard side was prepared for the innovation—obviously planned in advance by the Yales—but the Cambridge undergraduates weren't slow to react in defense of their lumber and football's first goalpost donnybrook was soon in full swing. One time I started to figure out how much total energy has been used up in goalpost demolition and fighting since that day, but, being a lazy man, I gave up.

I don't say I'm wasting away to a shadow from pining for the good old days when college athletic departments didn't have to spring for new goalposts every week, but I certainly enjoyed them. I can still see Charley Brickley kicking those



RALPH DEADEO Boynton put on his hat in practice session.

field goals with mechanical precision, or the flaming thatch of Red Roberts as he wreaks destruction on no-longer-mighty Harvard. And there is little Albic Booth in those blankets—and, again, running like a wrath. I'll settle for that.

And come to think of it, I really should stop complaining about the anonymity of so many current-day players. After all, I haven't yet picked up a sports page and read, "43 of State took a hand-off from 31 and, with the help of a crashing key block by 65, galloped all the way to the 48-yard line where he was finally collied by 88 of Tech."

That'll be the day.

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